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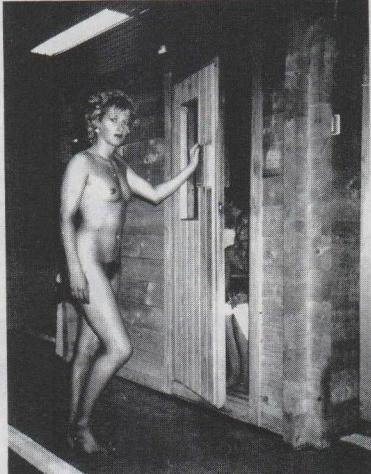
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INTERNATIONAL NATURIST SPRING QUARTERLY

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THE BEST LAID PLANS

Someone phoned me the other day. 'Where would you recommend for a naturist holiday for me?' he asked.

It's an understandable question for a newcomer to naturism to ask. The idea of naturism is like a great big white cloud, overshadowing any normal holiday considerations.

'It's hard for me to say really, not knowing you. Which country would you like to visit? When are you thinking of going? How much do you want to spend? Are you going with anyone?'

You see, like any holiday, all these factors must be taken into consideration.

If you're embarking on your first naturist holiday this year, you should take as much care in choosing your resort as possible. At least, if you get beach fright (unlikely), you can have a good time doing the things you want to enjoy.

Remember, being naked is only one aspect. Chances are you'll want to fit in a bit of sightseeing, perhaps play a bit of sport and rave it up on a few evenings. If you hate crowded beaches, you certainly won't like being naked on one. If too much sun goes to your head, perhaps a more activity-based resort would be better with indoor swimming pools and table tennis.

When planning your holiday, first decide upon the type of holiday you like. Then see which countries have naturist resorts which cater for you. If you're a single man, your choice will, unfortunately, be limited. Single rooms are few and far between, but sometimes if you're willing to pay extra and insist, you can get what you want.

Naturist holidays are like any other holiday – but with a lot more fun and freedom.

Kate Sturdy

The 86th Year of Continuous Publication

Health and Efficiency was established in 1900 and has incorporated Sunbathing Review, Vim and Sonnenfans. The magazine is entirely free of any connection with, and is not influenced by national associations, clubs or other organisations.

We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to our mill.

We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily

those of the Editor.

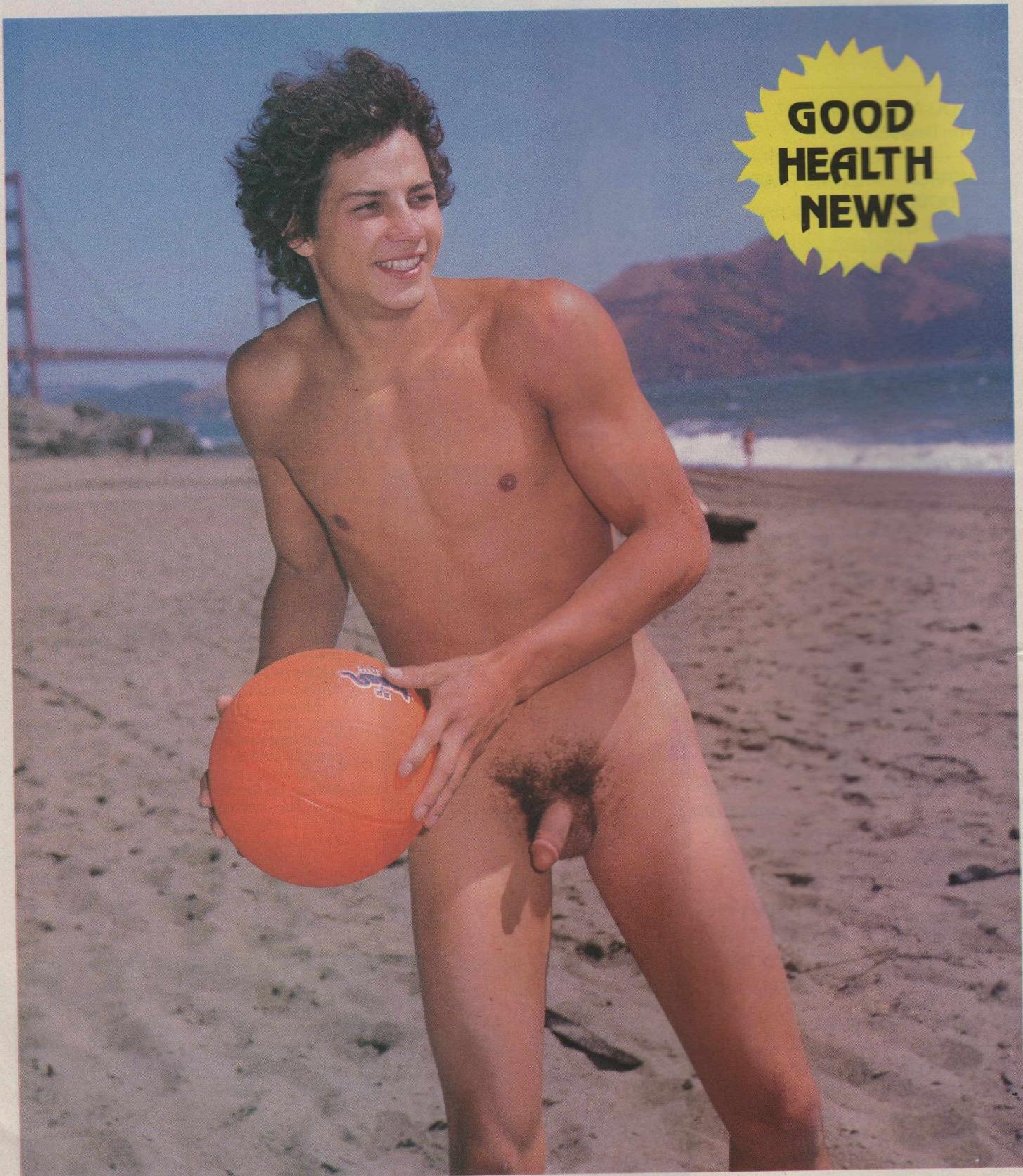
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Design and Editorial Production by Peenhill Ltd., Payne House, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London, EC1

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Distributed by Spotlight Magazine Distribution Limited, 1 Benwell Road, London N8. Phone (01) 607 6411.

ARE YOU A HOT BURNER?



Even when you're playing to win, try to relax.

Are you a competitor? A dedicated winner? Then perhaps you should take to heart the awful lesson provided by Mr. Fixx. Here, John Lawson, himself a self-confessed 'hot burner', thinks about cooling it. It's simple if you try, as long as you don't try too hard. Take a few tips, try them out and then start to take things a little easier.



DO you remember Mr. Jim Fixx? If you do, you are already smiling if not actually roaring with laughter. Mr. Fixx, you see, was a wonderful tonic to all of us who make up the non-jogging fraternity. He, the 'guru of jogging', dropped dead at 52 while on his daily jog.

Mr. Fixx, author of the best seller called *Complete Book of Running*, did ten miles a day regularly and had kept it up since the age of 35. At that time he was a pretty poor figure - overweight and a heavy smoker. No wonder he decided to do something about it. But a heart attack did it for him.

A doctor speaking on TV said, 'He ran himself to death. It could happen to

anyone who is immoderately committed to jogging.' But then you have to realise that Mr. Fixx had something of the same problem of the anorexic. The problem of the perfectionist, the problem of the high flier or the 'hot burner'.

All of these have something in common - the desire to excel at any cost. The slimmer who takes things too far is in as much danger as is the jogger who, feeling pain, just redoubles his efforts to run through it.

Jim Fixx did that. He had warning pains and adopted the common idea that they would go if he just carried on. Why on earth did he do that? For two reasons. The first is that exercise can act like a drug. Get hooked on it and you are

hooked in much the same way as if you were taking heroin. Exercise affects the mind as well as the body.

Ask the keen jogger. Ask the keen golfer or swimmer or weight lifting fanatic. Can they give it up? Of course, they will all reply. Easy. Why should I find it difficult? Then tell them to do so. Give it up for a month. If they agree with your idea, which is far from likely, they will suffer withdrawal symptoms just like a drug addict, which in reality they are.

The second reason a jogger will press on regardless of pain is the mistaken belief that pain is part of the treatment. We are all apt to get a dose of the puritan ethics syndrome if we don't look out. If



Running can be good for you - but don't end up on the ground!

the medicine tastes like excrement – it must be good for you. If your job turns you into a workaholic, cheer up, your boss will soon recognise your virtue. If your wife/husband doesn't understand you, put up with it – it's for your own good.

Rot!

You are wandering along the primrose path of life grabbing only the brambles. Why not stop awhile to pick a few primroses?

The 'rat race', as it is sometimes called, draws all into the net. As does greed. But unfortunately some are drawn more than others.

This has led scientists studying the problem to divide us into two groups – the type A and the type B.

Take this little test. Do you get annoyed with another driver and start fuming, just because he stalls at the lights? Does queueing soon put you into a state of utter frustration? Are you a bad loser at games or at other of life's tests? Do you feel you could do the job better and quicker if only you had the chance?

Yesses in abundance? Then you're an A type. And probably proud of it. And I know exactly how you feel – I'm one myself. Competitive. Proud of finding a quicker way to do something. Wanting to know everything. Full of fury when the train stops and stands for no apparent

rhyme or reason.

A types must learn to take it more easily. If they don't they could be heading for a heart attack. What you have to learn is that it is not the difficulties of life that put pressure on us, it is the way we react. The 'Hot Burner' reacts just like that. Hot in pursuit of the answer.

Women are less subject to heart trouble than men. But they too are just as much A or B types. As they move more and more into men's work and responsibilities, they are just as likely to react as many men do.

While women are traditionally regarded as less aggressive, less hot tempered and less madly motivated than men, this is just not so. In some ways women are more subject to stress generating situations than are men.

Frustration, for instance. While men are allowed, even expected to be aggressive, women are not. Where men are expected to assert dominance over their problems, again women are not. Not obviously anyhow. So while men can act out their drives many women cannot.

Then there is the situation where a young mother may find herself virtually confined to the home looking after a youngster. Only a year before she may have held a responsible and challenging

job. All that is now gone and only frustration left in its place.

For frustration and the way she reacts to it is a particular problem for women.

What, then, is a type B? He is just the opposite of a type A. If the tennis player, or should I say tennis warrior, McEnroe, is a type A, then President Reagan is a laid back type B. Type A's are more than twice as likely to suffer a heart attack than are type B's.

So what can type A's – the hot burners – do about it?

Quite a lot. First of all the point to remember and to repeat over and over again to yourself is that you can choose how to react. You can choose. You can say to yourself in the frustrating queue, 'I am going to get fidgety, anxious and exasperated,' or you can choose to say something like this: 'I'm going to be here for a little while so just relax and enjoy the rest.'

The angry reaction to a frustrating situation is not necessary. Indeed it is as much a habit as most other actions.

Once you start this self-appraisal it is amazing how many times you catch yourself out. I had a friend; he too died of a heart attack, whose total boss was time. He had to catch the train even if it meant running after it and taking a risk with his life. And even if another was due ten minutes later. He was overweight as

That's one way to get a leg over,
I suppose.



well and one day after a train chase he slumped in his seat hardly able to breathe. But still he never learnt. But you can. And he could have too – if only someone had told him.

Then there is the old saying that if you feel like losing your temper, count to ten. This is not much help for a type A. He can never reach ten. But if he coolly says to himself, 'Watch it – temper ahead – turn off', as likely as not he will.

Then there is the physical response. Type A's are tense. Their muscles are all bunched up. Especially their shoulder muscles – they tend to hunch over their work.

The answer is to practise relaxation. The technique is quite simple, even if some type A's seeking to make a quick buck have given it a fancy name and go round offering courses to exhausted executives.

Just concentrate on one muscle at a time. The neck is a good place to start even if it is just a logical start for a top to bottom system.

Let your head fall right forward for a moment. Further. Further. Relax. Now lift up and let your head fall back slightly, chin up. Now concentrate on your shoulder muscles. Let them go limp. You will immediately feel the relaxation.

As you will with all your muscles. Concentrate on one at a time – arms, legs, back and so on.

You can do this at any time and anywhere. But watch out – you can fall asleep. So for those of you who have difficulty in finding sleep, relax muscle by muscle. Quite often you'll be asleep before you are half way through the exercise.

Next, take a close look at your competitive reactions and consciously do something about them. Type A's don't like being overtaken by another car. But the next time you see one of your brother type A's coming up fast behind, just say to yourself, 'There is a heart attack looking for somewhere to happen.' Let him pass and have his coronary some place else.

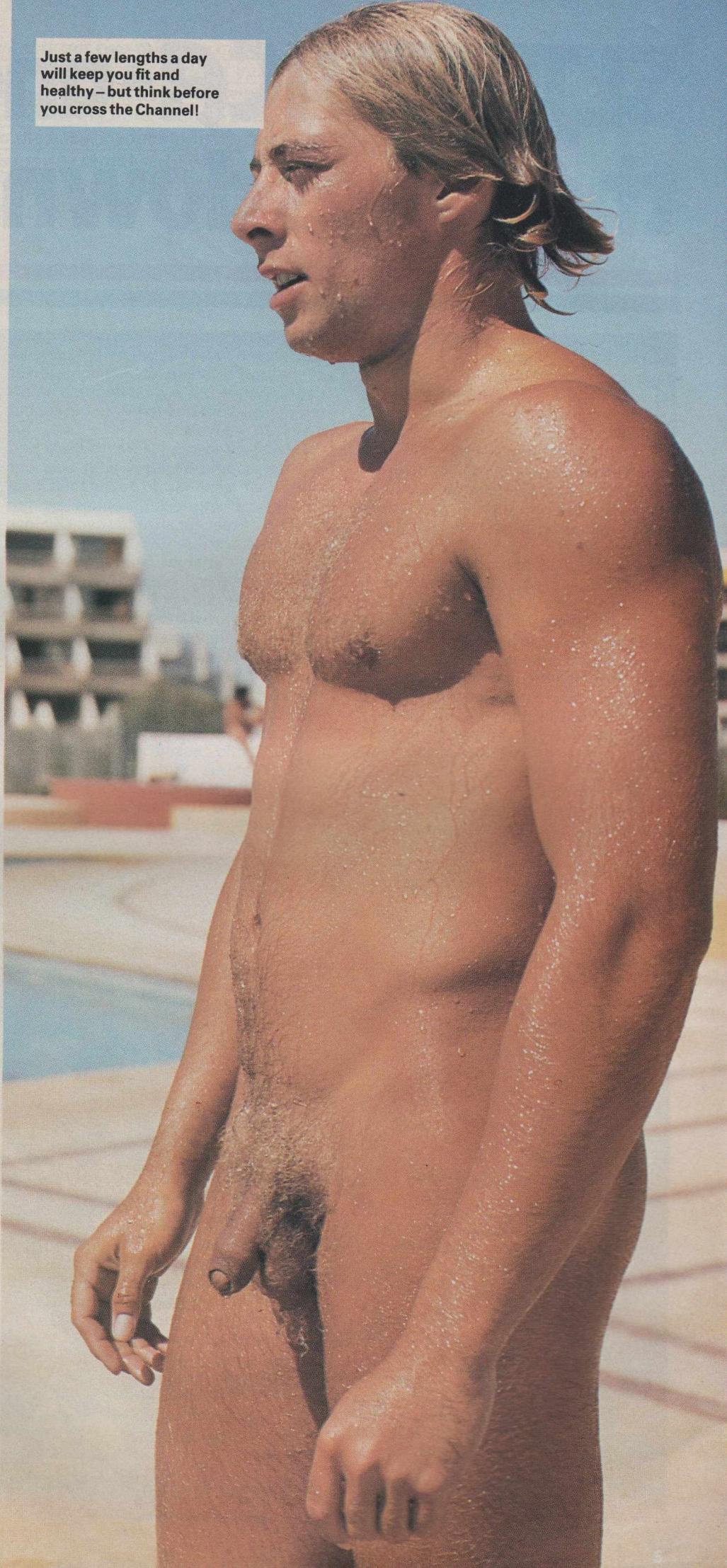
You have an important interview coming up? Take it easy. Sit back in your chair. Keep quiet. Let the other fellow do most of the talking. And when you do talk, learn the value of silence. Stop. You don't have to go on and on. Winning or losing is not the end-all of life.

Another tip is to put things in order. Trying to do everything at once is a typical type A trait. List your activities for the day, then put a number beside each. One for the first, two for the second and so on. Of course you want to get through the list in your day. So what? You will get through your life quick enough unless you learn to take it easy.

What about appointments? Stop making an absolute time. Instead of saying, 'We will meet at 10 a.m. sharp,' learn to say, 'I'll meet you at around 10,' or even better, 'I'll be there between 10 and 10.30.' If you are talking to another type A, this may be difficult, but that is his problem.

The message is clear. If you don't want to be another Mr. Fixx, take it easy, be calm and, above all, relax.

Just a few lengths a day
will keep you fit and
healthy – but think before
you cross the Channel!



SLJIVOVICA-and all that goes down with it

EATING out for Janette and myself is more of a pleasure than for most people as we are both in the catering trade. Janette is a cook manageress and I am in teaching, after 15 years of being a hotel chef.

For the past four years, we have enjoyed the hospitality of Yugoslavia's restaurants. The friendliness is so evident when you return to the same cafés and restaurants, especially two years running.

My wife is partial to her morning coffee and cake (and do they have some delicious cakes!). Our having often visited this café, the waiters had got to know our order and had it ready for us as we came off the boat. That was perhaps to be expected the first year, but on our returning the second year after the first morning, they would look for us every morning coming off the boat. They don't forget you. Just break down the initial barriers and try a little of their language. That usually does the trick.

Meals in Yugoslavia are good value. A typical three-course meal for two includ-

ing drinks and wine will cost around £10, but please do not be in a hurry as everything is taken at a much slower pace. A meal out is an evening's entertainment, every bite to be savoured and every sip enjoyed.

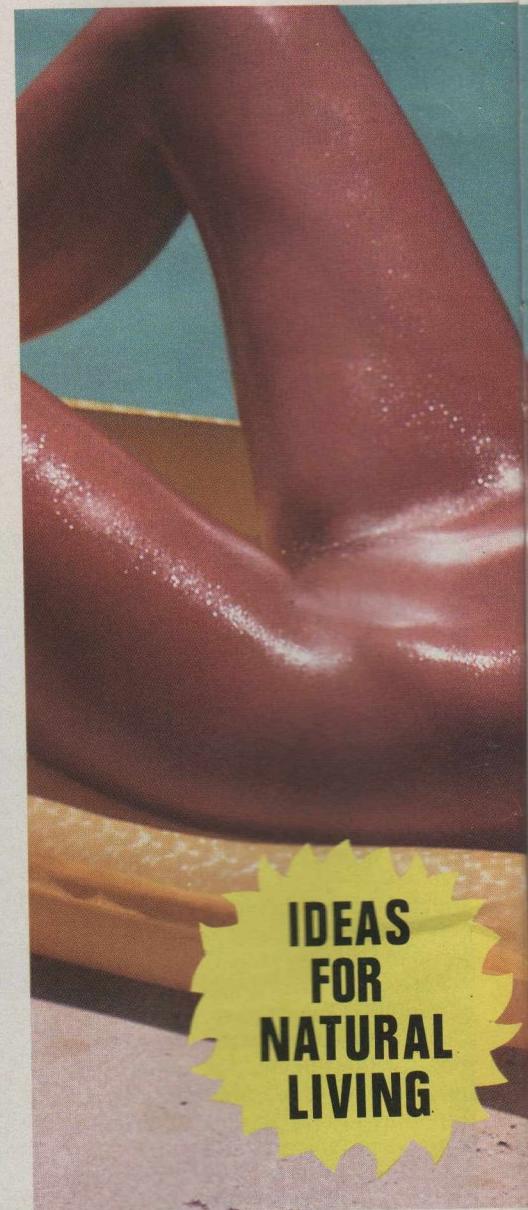
One evening two years ago, we and another couple decided, as it was our last night on holiday, to go out for a meal to a restaurant recommended by the courier. We set out around seven o'clock and did not arrive back to the hotel till well after midnight, missing our last boat-taxi in the process. Every time we asked for the bill, our friendly host would pour us a Kruskovac which is a very potent pear-flavoured liqueur, 'Compliments of the Amfora' he would say. Needless to say we staggered around the bay back to the hotel.

So let's move on to what can be eaten and sipped in Yugoslavia.

You could easily get a mistaken picture about Yugoslav cuisine, as menus tend to contain names of dishes more allied to Austria, Hungary, France, Italy and Turkey, so it is worth seeking



Eat al fresco, and you won't miss a minute's sunshine.



IDEAS
FOR
NATURAL
LIVING

out more traditional Yugoslav food, which has much more variety than a lot of people give it credit for.

Let's start with starters. There is a dark smoked ham produced in Dalmatia where, strangely enough, there are very few pigs, but probably because of this, the curing of the pigs is given the fullest attention. Procedure is important, but the quality of the wood smoke and the cleanliness of the air is what really matters. This smoked ham is called PRSUT, full in flavour and served in very

Off to Yugoslavia this year? You've probably got two things in mind – dramatic landscaping and the chance to see much of it without your clothes on. But man must eat, and maybe you haven't heard too many exciting things about the food? If you stick to the hotel dining room, the chances are you won't be thrilled to the base of your stomach, but venture out further and your taste buds may be tantalised if you know what you're ordering! William Steele guides us through the maze of the Yugoslavian menu.



When you've enjoyed a first class lunch, there's really only one thing left to do ...

thin slices.

We are used to eating cheese at the end of a meal. In Yugoslavia they prefer to eat cheese as an hor d'oeuvre. One of the best comes from the island of Pag and is named PASKI SIR. Made from ewe's milk, it's served by the kilo, so be careful when ordering or you could end up with 2.2 lbs of cheese in front of you.

Other starters include the world renowned GAVRILOVIC salami, also a smoked and dried pork sausage served with sauerkraut called KRAJSKA

KLOBASA, difficult to pronounce but easy to eat.

While enjoying your starters, leave some room for your main course and here is one you can try at home – CEVAPCICI: ideal for barbecues. Mince 8 oz of lamb and 8 oz of beef, mix well together along with a finely chopped onion, add a teaspoonful of paprika, a small clove of garlic and bind together with an egg. Roll into small finger shapes and grill until cooked. Much nicer over charcoal but the kitchen grill

will suffice.

While on the barbecue you might like to try RAZNJICI. Take some pork cubes, flatten them out a little, season and then skewer them, three or four pieces per skewer, then just grill them over the coals. Serve with chopped onion.

For those who cannot do without their hamburger, there is a native variety called PLJESKAVICA, and of course delicious rump and fillet steaks, but do try to penetrate the inevitable smoke screen of the barbecue that tends to



In Yugoslavia, it's not only your spirits that come 'on the rocks'.

hand over Yugoslav cooking and be a little more ambitious.

Try SARMA, pickled cabbage leaves, stuffed with a forcemeat made from meat, rice, spices and served on a bed of sauerkraut, or how about DJUVEC – pieces of pork, chicken, mutton or fish, roasted with peppers, tomatoes, onions and other vegetables.

Fish is popular around the coastal regions. There are 365 varieties caught in the Adriatic off the coast of Yugoslavia. Imagine, a different type every day for a year. The fish is always fresh, and I remember the interesting spectacle of watching the locals bringing in the fish caught from a small boat just off the shore – mackerel, sardines and mullet amongst others all jumping about trying to escape.

'Do try to penetrate the smoke screen of the barbecue and be a little more ambitious.'

There is a fish soup/stew very similar to the French bouillabaisse named BRODET. In it you will find several kinds of fish cooked in a gravy made with oil, onion, garlic, parsley and white wine.

A must is KALAMARI – squid, fried or grilled, served whole or in pieces, coated with melted butter and finely chopped garlic. I have never been able to recreate that distinctive flavour in Britain and believe the atmosphere of Dalmatia creates it.

Oysters are worth a mention, grown in beds off the coast of Mali Ston on the Peljesac Peninsula.

BUREK is a flaky pie filled with cheese and sold in cafés and bars along the waterfront; the Yugoslavs eat it for their breakfast.

For those with a sweet tooth, there is a



Some people can't wait to get their hands on the picnic.



They only stopped for a Sljivovica and kebab, and got caught by the market traders on the way back!

desert called BAKLAVA which is a flaky pie filled with ground almonds, hazelnuts and walnuts covered with melted sugar or honey. The name of the dish is derived from the Arabic word for diamond, the shape in which the dish is served.

KADAIF is once again an Arabic word translating to a silken cloth. Thin threads of baked pastry are placed in a deep saucenpan, some fat is added and it is baked for a little longer. When the Kadaif is ready it is smothered in melted sugar.

Another sweet which this time originates in Slovenia, is called GIBANICA. Layers of pastry similar to a strudel paste are filled with hazelnuts, poppy seeds, cottage cheese, currants, apples and sugar, covered with cream and baked in a large pottery dish. Well, you can always go on a diet when you get home!!!

But before you do, why not try some pancakes with a difference? Take 4 oz of flour, 2 eggs, ½ pint of milk (approx), a pinch of salt and a pinch of sugar. Make into a thin batter and proceed to make some very thin pancakes; keep them warm in the oven. Make a syrup from 4 oz of sugar, ½ gill of water and the juice of a lemon. Reduce till the syrup just lightly coats the back of a spoon, pour over the pancakes, add some Sljivovica (not too much or you will have to call the

fire brigade), set alight and serve.

So much for dining, now for the wining. Alcoholic beverages in Yugoslavia are as varied as the food. For instance, the local beer, DOMACE PIVO, which is a light refreshing lager, tends to pack a punch and too many can lead to a massive hangover, so be careful.

SLJIVOVICA, the local firewater made from a distillation of plums, makes your toes curl. However, Yugoslavia has a good choice of home-produced spirits that will not make a hole in your pocket. Take their gin (over there spelt DZIN), around £1.50 a litre, and very drinkable too; likewise vodka, vinjac, a rich brandy, almost as good as the best French cognac, a dark rum that has the flavour of rum and butter toffees. Imported spirits are very expensive, so stick to the local brands.

Very fine wines exist in Yugoslavia, some well known, others only produced locally, but as there is a great choice, I intend to give you just a quick résumé of the better known ones.

Lutomer Riesling: Britain's best selling medium-dry wine, from Slovenia. Kastelet: Dalmatian, light, white, slightly dry but leaves a pleasant after taste. Radgona: Slovenian, fruity white. Zilavka: from Mostar, dry, white, with a bouquet of lime blossom and a hint of apricot. Traminec: from Serbia, a single

grape wine, medium dry, white and with a flowery flavour. Grk: known as nectar for the gods, it is said that the original vines were planted by the ancient Greeks. Grk is produced near the town of Lumbarda, on Korcula; it is dry and amber coloured. Dingac: a rich, red wine from Dalmatia. Faros: rich and red, strong and dry, from Hvar, an island off the coast of Split. Postup: again Dalmatian, red and very heavy. Prosek: a sweet dessert wine, similar to port, delicious on its own but even nicer with a cube of ice, again from Dalmatia.

Liqueurs are plenty in Yugoslavia, Maraskino, which is made in Dalmatia, in and around the town of Maraska, from the cherries grown in that region. For those who like Tia Maria, a good substitute is KAVA LIQUER, and of course Kruskovac, already mentioned at the beginning.

I could go on and on about food and drink in Yugoslavia, but for my wife and I, what typifies our holiday last year was picking almonds from the tree outside our hotel, drying them on our balcony and eating them back here in Britain on Christmas Day. This brought back many memories of wining and dining on holiday and I hope that if you holiday there, you too will come back with the same feelings for a country so rich in great but different cuisine.

**'It's not the size of the wand that counts,
it's the magic that it weaves.'**



NEVER MIND THE WIDTH

Men often ask, what do women find exciting about men? Is it their looks, their size, their hairiness? But lurking beneath the surface the question usually arises: Am I big enough? Bigger than average? After years of schoolboy comparisons in boys' toilets, men still wonder if the size of their penis is important with women, and if not – what is? Diana Roberts states a female point of view.



Waiting for Mr. Right to come sailing into shore?



She's contemplating on what turns her on about men.



'T'S not the size of the wand that counts - it's the magic that it weaves.'

This marvellous little quote sums up most women's attitudes to the penis. Any naturist knows the remarkable variation in the size of the uninterested penis—but when erect they're all pretty much the same. There's no reason why the owner of a long one should give more sexual satisfaction than a short one.

Of course, the sight of a well endowed man may cause a ripple of excitement, but if you overhear a bunch of girls in a changing room saying, 'You should have seen the size of it ...' and gasping with admiration, ignore it. It is the same sort of brash talk that men enjoy, 'Cor, look at those bristols!' It doesn't mean that any less endowed man or flat chested woman need feel inadequate and sexless — there are always some who like them like that.

If there's a choice between the penis size and personality, the penis will lose. You do, of course, get the occasional



In the end, if the chemistry's there, everything else can go to the wind.



woman who's looking for a stud. Maybe her last husband was a perfectly formed miniature and she's looking for something different. Maybe the husband was lousy in bed and she thinks bigger might be better.

She'll grin with excited anticipation as she expects the man with the ruler-sized appendage to take her places she's never dreamt of. She will undoubtedly be disappointed. The end result probably won't feel any different to what she's tasted before. It could, in all likelihood, be a disappointment. If he's the sort of man who thinks the woman should lie passively while he invades with his giant-sized poker, she may never leave the ground.

So if women aren't particularly impressed by a man's penis, what does turn them on? What is it that makes them overcome with lust?

Women tend to use their imaginations far more. They don't really need sex signals flashing out at them. The man who bulges out of his



**She may be provocative ...
but at least she knows her own mind.**



(crushing!) velvet jeans may have a crude appeal, but the woman doesn't need to see evidence of a man's balls — she knows he's got them.

Many women claim to be turned on by a nice tight arse. They've been known to whisper to each other, 'Oh, I'd like to pinch that!' A tight pair of denims rounding a firm posterior can look provocative, as long as the rest of the man looks good. His jeans may be tight but if they, along with the rest of him, look dirty or messy, he could have the cutest arse in town, but it certainly would never get pinched.

The man who perceives himself as macho man could score well with women. Stubbled face, wearing heavy, heavy clothes, studded belt. It could reduce some women to jelly. But many, and perhaps more so in recent years, could be well put off. An overly 'masculine' man can be a threat. Not so many women nowadays, with their raised consciousnesses, are thrilled by a man who makes them

feel like a mouse — albeit a sexy one.

The ultimate he-man is a stereotype, an uninteresting parody of after-shave and pipe tobacco models.

As for bodily hair, it's definitely an asset, particularly if you're well built. If you're petite and hairless, you'll bring out the mother in many, but if you're big then your appeal will be enhanced by a few hairs to soften the blow as you thump your fists on your manly chest.

But whatever you do, don't buy a chest wig — or any kind of wig at all. Women expect men to look neat, smell nice and be sexy — effortlessly. They like polished shoes, smart suits, neat haircuts, fresh clean shirts and all the other accoutrements of a well turned out male — but they don't like it all at once on the same man. Women will search out and grow to love the chink in the armour.

Mr. Perfect is regarded as foppish and distinctively unsexy — if he spends so much time on his appearance will he

bother to notice her? And chances are, if he does, he'll expect her to be as polished as he is, a smart new accessory, a human handbag.

By the same token, a muscle man won't do for the majority. A few toned-up leg muscles that ripple under his tennis shorts — yes, but unless he's as good looking and as exceptional a mover as Arnold Schwarzenegger (and preferably in the movies, too), he'll leave most women cold. To get a good physique you need to spend hours sweating it out in the gym, parading in front of mirrors and talking about your arms and legs as if they were disembodied lumps of gold. A turn on? Hardly.

Yet bodies are important. Fat men don't score. Cuddly is one thing, a small potbelly is something women will grow to accept, but slim's in — according to the average woman. Some men seem surprisingly proud of their size. They pat their guts with a self-satisfied smile, and as for the size of their penis — they'll have forgotten when they

were last able to find it.

Clothes can make or break initial impressions. There just isn't anything exciting about a man wearing brown plastic shoes, green nylon socks with a checked shirt and old navy anorak on top. And worse — when he takes off his trousers you discover his pants are well worn, bright lurid purple with the elastic peeping out like little white worms!

But clothes are something women *will* ignore, especially in favour of an interesting personality. Clothes are the one aspect of men that women know they can change.

So what really does turn women on about men? It's far easier to list the turn-offs. But ask your wife, ask any woman, they'll probably say it's the way your eyes wrinkle, your crooked mouth, your big strong hands or the way you accidentally brushed against her twenty years ago — it was electric.

You can't win with women, can you?

YOU CAN GO WILD IN THE SUTHERLAND HILLS



IDEAS
FOR
NATURAL
LIVING

You can abandon your clothes in the bracken – if you know where to go.

SCOTLAND is blessed with more than its fair share of beauty; from the 'little highlands' of Galloway to the loch-scattered wilds of the Shetlands, there is something for everyone; autumn on the Tweed, amidst the glorious colours of the fading year; highland spate rivers that tumble over hillside and moor past heather-clad banks, lined with graceful silver birch and red-berry-decked rowans. The distant 'long islands' of the Outer Hebrides; the 'heather isle' of Lewis, mountainous South Harris, sparkling Benbecula and the vast, empty, shining sands of the Machair lands of South Uist.

But, for me, the best that Scotland has to offer lies in North West Sutherland in an area extending from Ullapool in the south to Cape Wrath in the north. Here, you will find some of the most dramatic scenery in all Caledonia; mountains crowd the horizon wherever one looks: Suilven (731 m), Canisp (846 m), Cul Mor (849 m), mighty Ben More Assynt (998 m) and craggy, jagged Stac Polly (613 m) in the Inverpolly National Nature Reserve.

The Inverpolly National Nature Reserve covers an area of more than 40 square miles and the 'jewel' of it all is lovely Loch Sionasraig; two square miles of shining water enclosed by shores which meander in and out, round bay and headland, for a distance of more than sixteen miles. I can tell you the facts, record the names, but what I can't do is properly describe the sheer beauty of the area.

So, get there if you can and discover for yourself one of the last great wilderness areas of Scotland; where you can walk for days, without meeting another soul; where you will share the lonely solitude of some remote lochan with red-throated diver or otter; a place of secret corries and corners, raven and red deer; a wild land where a sudden storm can sweep down making even the best prepared and clad, 'shrink'; and where the shimmering heat of a blistering, summer day can lull you to drowsy sleep, on a tree-fringed, soft, sandy shore.

Approach Sionascaing from Drumruie on the A835, about nine miles north from Ullapool. Turn west and follow the narrow little road that runs along the north shore of Loch Luragann and Loch Bad a' Ghail. Half way along Lurgainn, at Linneaineach, park the car and follow the track that heads northwards; this will lead you in to the heartland of the

If organised naturism makes you want to tear away to the nearest hills, you might as well head for the startling wilds of Sutherland. Lose yourself by the lonely lochs, or crash out in the craggy scenery. Or just suck in the fresh, fresh air and reflect on the haunting memories of Scotland in long, violent days gone past. By Bruce Sandison.



beautiful Reserve.

As you come down the lower shoulder of Cul Beag, Sionascaig lies before you; the closest water is Loch an Doire Dhuibh, narrowing into Lochan Gainmheich and they lead, by a stream into the main body of Sionascaig. Go eastwards, round Doire Dhuibh and you will come to sandy shores, shaded by alder, birch and rowan, and perfect solitude and peace.

Another way 'in' is by boat and as both my wife and I are keen game fisherpersons, this is the method we generally employ to visit the north shores; landing on the islands in the loch is strictly forbidden because the vegetation is ancestrally related to the woodland and scrub that covered most of Scotland in days gone by. Due to their inaccessibility, they have survived the depredations of both man and beast and are an important part of our national heritage.

Loch Sionascaig contains huge brown trout; indeed, local feeling has it that the

next British Record Brown Trout lurks somewhere in the 200 feet deep waters and certainly, many fish of from 10 lb. upwards have been caught. The smaller inhabitants of the loch average about ½ lb. in weight and are a lot easier to catch – usually – depending upon knowing where to find them and which fingers to cross!

Between Cul Mor and Canisp rises the 'sugar loaf' of Suilven, the delight of photographers, a mecca for hikers and one of the most beautiful Scottish mountains. If you are that way inclined, experienced and well prepared, it is not a difficult climb; our interest, however, lies in the small lochs to the north and east of the peak; a 'perfect' walk starts from the roadside at Elphin on the A835, just south of its junction with the A837 at Ledmore. Park the car near the bridge over the Na Luirgean burn and take the track that bears right, round the shores of Loch Cama (the crooked loch); be careful, round this bay the water is very

deep indeed and drops sharply from close to the shore.

The track goes along the north shore of the loch and eventually leads out into the hills to little Lochan Fada; as fine a place for a picnic as any lover of solitude could wish to find. You have to be in reasonable 'condition' to attempt these walks, but, with practice, it's surprising what can be achieved. Never underestimate the weather; always make sure that someone knows where you are going and when you expect to be back; always start off with the correct clothing. If it's a super day, then you can soon discard it by the shores of some remote loch; but it's ready to hand if the weather turns nasty.

There are other little things that can



You might feel like primitive man in the midst of nowhere – but take your sophisticated camera to record it for posterity.

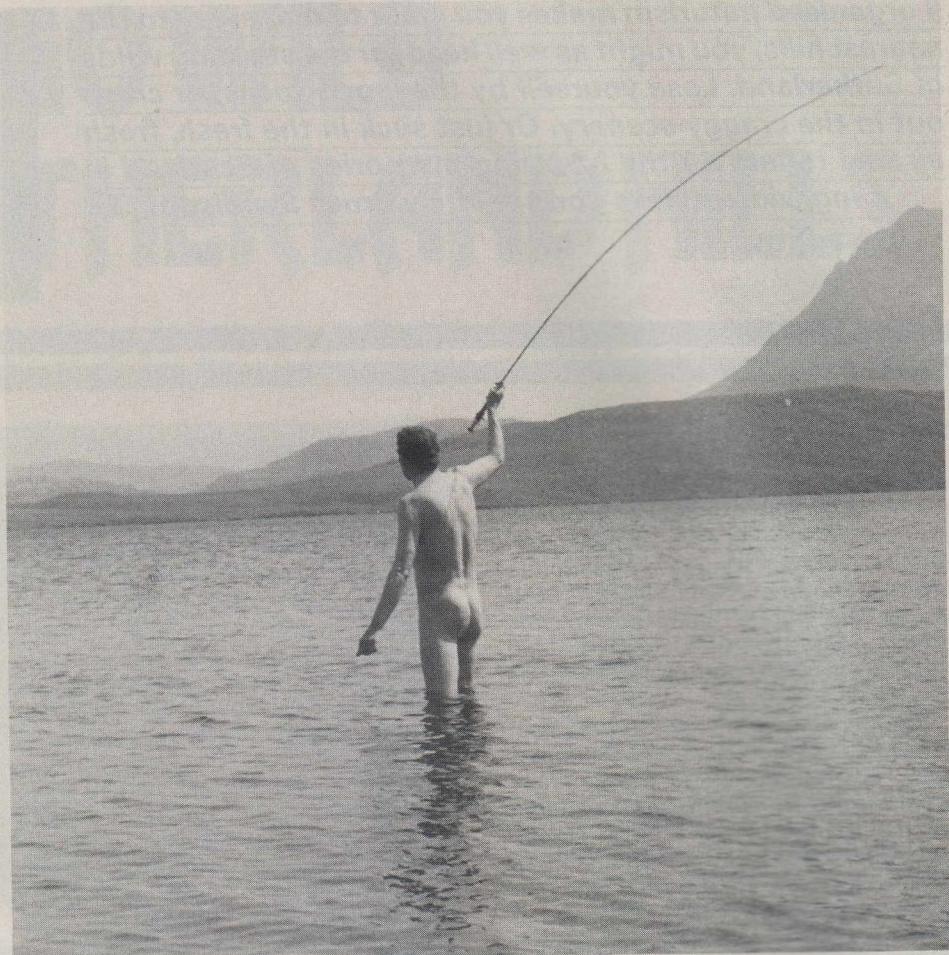
turn nasty too; our little highland 'friends' the midges. Even this paradise has its quota and they can attack in Exocet-like swarms with ferocious determination, so be prepared. I often wonder how our ancestors managed to live and work amongst these 'mini-monsters'. The area round Assynt is rich with the remains of their dwellings; chambered cairns and brochs there are in plenty.

The brochs were fortified towers standing some 50–60 feet high with 15 feet thick walls encircling a roofless, inner court; throughout Europe, similar structures protected similar tribes; the 'nuraghes' of Sardinia, also round towers; the 'talyots' of the Balearic Islands, watch towers, and from their security and ordered way of life emerged.

In the wilderness that was northern Scotland, unpenetrated even by the armies of Rome, change came more slowly. Saint Columba brought Christianity but, for centuries, the Gaelic-speaking, Celtic Highlanders, remained firmly apart from their feudalised neighbours in the English-speaking lowlands; the people of the far north west were a law unto themselves.

Nor did the early attempts at 'government' do much to alter the situation; from the death of King Robert the Bruce (1328) until the arrival of King Charles I (1623) all but two of Scotland's monarchs were children when crowned and few survived long enough to 'tame' their unruly nobility. Consequently, lawlessness prevailed until the carnage of Culloden (1746) and Butcher Cumberland, terribly 'subdued' the clans.

Also, round the north and west of this area, the careful observer will note the remains of the old croft houses which were burnt during the early part of the



Author Bruce Sandison wades in after the fish in a loch near Cul More in Sutherland.

nineteenth century; the sad days of the highland clearances, when thousands of folk were forcibly evicted to make way for more profitable sheep; the best of them took passage to America, Canada, Australia and New Zealand; the rest lingered, trying to earn a living from the

narrow, inhospitable, cliff-top fields where they were 'resettled'.

I have few 'romantic' notions, concerning Bonnie Prince Charlie since, largely due to his 'philandering', the old Scottish way of life was destroyed in the Highlands, setting the scene for the disasters that followed; stripped of all sentiment, the story of the '45 Rebellion is a tragic tale of the destruction of the clan system and I often wonder how different things would have been if Charles Edward Stewart had tramped round the highlands with a trout rod, rather than with a ragged band of ill-equipped Gaelic-speaking clansmen who would have much rather been attending to their own affairs anyway, than setting off behind their Chiefs on the 'mad adventure'. One thing's for certain, a lot of heads would have remained a lot more firmly attached to a lot of shoulders and untold misery and suffering would have been averted.

But these 'gloomy memories' fade and vanish in the warm sunlight of a summer day; as the wind gently 'plays' over ones body and the larks sing above, it's hard to be 'angry' for long. The song of the curlew, whistling down the hill; a glimpse of a hurrying fox; the happy sound of trout rising, splashing, eagerly taking flies from the surface of the loch; listen, you can hear the silence; how hard it is to leave.

It's a long, long journey, but if you make it, you will find a warm welcome at the end and endless miles of endless solitude; best of all, lovely Loch Sionas-caig. Why not make the time?





LAKES DE LUXE THEY CALL IT PARADISE

THE future of US naturist resorts is here, now, at Paradise Lakes Resort. The initial impression of Paradise Lakes is business to the fingertips and very efficient. At the gate a woman's head bobbed up in the gatehouse window, asked my name, and directed me to park.

Inside, I was told to sign a registration card. She said: 'How would you like to pay for your stay, cash or credit card?' All the paperwork over, I drove on to what looked like an apartment complex in a series of buildings, found a parking spot and went to my fancy motel-style unit, actually a complete modern apartment unit with living room, bedroom, bathroom, kitchenette and colour TV.

Before leaving California, I had thought the rental fees a bit high, but this is worth every penny spent. After getting settled, I walked across the manicured lawn area, passed the outdoor jacuzzi whirlpool spa and large Y-shaped heated pool, and entered the restaurant/clubhouse. Did I get a surprise. Here is class, like a quality downtown eating place. And the food is for gourmets.

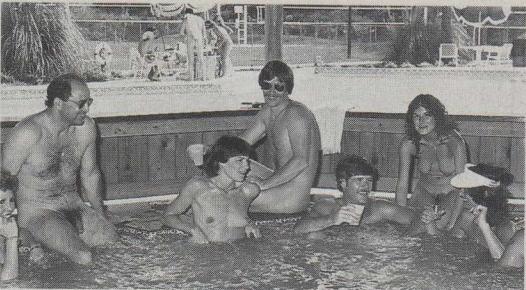
The head waiter seats you. Lynn, my waitress, was dressed in a red two-piece pareo-style outfit as were the other girls. Soft lights and music, candles on all tables, a chef to cut the roast beef – the works. On Saturday night we dined buffet style. After bread, butter, salads of all kinds, mashed potatoes, boiled small potatoes, etc., etc., we came to Italian meat loaf, barbecued chicken, shrimp creole, fish and roast beef. Eat all you want and leave space for various desserts. I admit I pigged out on all the goodies, but it was so good I couldn't resist, my first meal on American soil after covering naturist resorts in the Caribbean for two weeks. My waitress was extremely attentive, selling me on a half carafe of Sangria from the extensive wine list, and coffee after dessert.

In one corner of the large restaurant is a well stocked bar, in another corner a bandstand, and in the opposite end a large fireplace, and also provided are a pool table, a juke box, a giant screen TV, and a PacMan machine. Several other electronic games dot one end of the hall. From the ceiling beams hang over fifty



Playtime at Paradise poolside.

Want to wallow in luxury, bask in sunshine, bathe in blue waters and see some of the most famous tourist attractions? Leif Heilberg had it all at Paradise Lakes Resort. It's not for fuddy-duddies, the dull and the boring, but if you're attracted to a young, dynamic lifestyle, you'll be greeted with the highest 'Southern hospitality'. And as for food, the gourmet will have feasts galore, whilst the rest of us can eat our hearts out!





You don't remain strangers for long in this Paradise.

green plants, and on the tables are silk flowers in vases. Friendly faces of all age groups chat at the couple of dozen tables.

After 9 p.m. the band started up, with a sexy blonde vocalist called Linda. Music goes on till 1 a.m. and the hall is packed with members, listening and dancing. Now the waitresses appear bare breasted, cute looking specimens with their pareo bottoms and a flower in their hair. An electronic organ and a trombone and trumpet (played by Dusty, the club manager), provide the instrumentals. It is a happy, progressive crowd, young, dynamic, and fun loving, a couple of hundred members, a bare fifth of the total membership which reaches slightly over one thousand.

However nice the Caribbean was, it is good to be back in the States again, and particularly to spend time at a resort as avant-garde as Paradise Lakes is. Imagine, two years ago there was nothing; one year ago the first buildings were up, and today there is a complete luxury resort with a whole series of apartment vacation condos, camping area, and all imaginable facilities. Best of all, one is not stuck with a conservative old crowd of fogies.

The owners are Fred and Pat Bischoff. Fred said long articles about Paradise Lakes have already appeared in *Playboy* and *Oui* magazines, and several TV stations have done favourable coverage on local and network broadcast. Surely, from almost nothing to over a thousand members in one year is, by definition, a





Cheers! Sante! whatever – this international crowd enjoy the bon viveur.

raving success story. On a shelf in a corner of the restaurant you see displayed two dozen sports trophies from this past year, witnesses to the energetic nature of Paradise Lakes' membership.

One guy told me there are quite a few swingers here. I told him I wouldn't know and what people do with each other is none of my business. Besides, it may be nothing more than a case of extreme Southern hospitality. Games behind closed doors are universal.

At Paradise Lakes it is primarily the outdoor games that count. They have three volleyball courts, three tennis courts, a large lake for boating, swimming and fishing. If you like to play Tarzan, you can even wrestle with a harmless alligator at the end of a lake. Palm trees, as well as dense Everglades-style Cypress trees with Spanish moss, surround the lake, except in front of the club grounds where a white-sand beach is established, replete with a Tiki Bar serving tropical drinks of exotic character.

All this splendour and pulsing activity

is available to singles, couples and families at Land O'Lakes, a mere seventeen miles north of Tampa, Florida. To get information and book a stay at Paradise Lakes Resort call (813) 949-1313. Of course, once you are here, you'll want to see other tourist attractions like Disneyworld, Seaworld, Busch Gardens, etc., as well as visit the lovely white sand beaches of the Gulf Coast, all within an easy ride on Florida's expressways.

Travellers who brought an ASA Guide along can also make quick visits to neighbouring nudist clubs, of which the one most mentioned by Paradise Lakes members is Jim and Pete Hadley's Cypress Cove, said to be a beautiful and clean camp. Offshore islands also lend themselves to naturist excursions.

The 1983 winter weather has been weird here in Florida as elsewhere in the nation, with much unseasonal rain. The silver lining, of course, is the lush green countryside greeting visitors, combined with a generally warm climate. Southern hospitality and moderate prices for

goods and services makes Florida in general, and Paradise Lakes Resort in particular, an attractive vacation goal.

Many members here mention the friendly sociability as one of the prime considerations in selecting Paradise Lakes Resort as a home base. Other clubs do have adequate-to-nice facilities, but frequently the members are clannish, or arch-conservative, stay at their cabins and trailers, and mix less easily with visitors and newcomers. In Paradise you will find very few cliques; everyone will greet you with a friendly smile and readily engage in conversation.

Here you quickly establish friendships and feel at home. As a matter of fact, many members buy their home here and commute to work. Others are retired and consider Paradise to be the perfect spot to spend the rest of their lives in congenial company. People whose active lives force them to live elsewhere, buy a condo as a home-away-from-home for luxurious vacation living. Uptight people don't gravitate toward



Have a lazy time if you like – but the chances are you'll be roped in for an energetic game of volleyball.



Some live at Paradise Lakes permanently, and life becomes one long holiday.

Paradise Lakes; they choose a more stolid environment in other clubs. Here in Paradise folks want to live it up, have a good time and be happy.

Despite the achievement of the fanciest naturist resort in the US, this is only the beginning. Fred Bischoff will have broken ground by the end of April 1983 for another four luxury apartment complexes. He also has plans to expand the lodgings in a geometric progression with condos (one and two bedroom units), tri-level luxury homes on lots, two new swimming pools, sauna, jacuzzi spas, a giant restaurant-bar complex, theatre for off-Broadway shows, etc.

Right now one-bedroom luxury condos sell for around \$26,000, and on a time-share basis in high season the cost is \$3,800 per week for permanent ownership. Fees are very reasonable compared to most other commercial offerings, and the investment gives all kinds of tax write-offs.

The four new apartment complexes were 70% sold out before construction, a solid proof of the public's confidence in the future of this fabulous resort and in the investment potential. The units are expected to double in value over the next few years. Already the first year brings tax write-offs about equal to the down-payment; the end of the second year a positive cash-flow can be expected from those who buy units for investment, renting them out to other visitors through the resort management. Larry Woods is the resident investment genius who can guide you into a favourable purchase with all sorts of tax advantages.

Whatever else you may do, for your own sake do spend a weekend or longer at Paradise Lakes Resort, and tell them that you were sent by Leif Heilberg!



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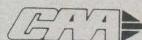
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Besides providing these facilities at Naturist Headquarters, the Foundation promotes its charitable objects on a national scale through information, advice and practical assistance. Those unable to enjoy the facilities can support this work by subscribing £8 or more annually (which can be paid under 4-year covenants if you wish to provide extra help). Subscribers are informed of progress through the Foundation's own journal, "THE GROVE", published 3 times a year, and can attend splash nights and special Open Days.

Young people and families living elsewhere in Britain or abroad, who possess tents or caravans, can spend holidays at Naturist Headquarters. Send stamps or reply coupon for details. Subscribers enjoy a discount on such holidays.

Enquiries (with family or personal details, please) to:
**HELEN JONES, NATURIST HEADQUARTERS,
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(4, 5, 6, 7)

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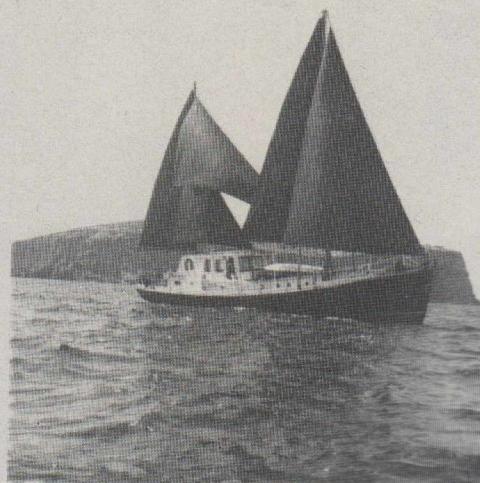
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THE HOLY SERENITY OF CRETE

YOU know – Aghios or Aghia in the Greek language is a peculiar word. If you talk about Aghios Stefanos you mean Saint Stephen. If you mention Aghia Vepvepa you mean the lady Saint Barbara. But if you are not referring to a person, it doesn't mean 'Saint' – it's more like 'Holy', and the holy object can be masculine or feminine so you can have an Aghios (Eye-os) or an Aghia (Eye-ah) something or other, like a brick for instance. So – we look at the travel brochure and it says that you ought to go to Aghia Galini, down on the south coast of Crete in the province of Rethimnon.

Lady Saint Galini? No, Sir. Holy Galantine? No, Sir. The nearest translation of Galini is probably 'Serenity' so let us board the aircraft at Gatwick and head for Heraklion and when we arrive there let the coach wind its way through the mountains – the plastic greenhouses full of tomatoes – the tubular frames for drying the grapes into sultanas – past the ancient city of Gortys and after two hours' journey down the hairpin bends to the south coast.

The Holy Serenity is so hilly that the coach probably drops you 300 metres from your hotel and you trundle the bag

uphill if it has wheels of its own. Otherwise fag it uphill the best way you can. When, eventually, you flop down exhausted on the bed your first thought is, 'What on earth have I let myself in for?' Two weeks later, when you give the suitcase a push and try to keep up with its Cresta run to the coach stop your only thought is, 'Why can't I live here all the time?'

It's that sort of place – I can't explain it – it's Sympatico or something. I don't know – the 'beach' isn't a beach, it's a heap of stones but everybody goes there. Past the old wartime gun emplacements and the Volcano Taverna and then, if you want to be a stripper, over the river onto more stones where you can do your own thing all day without hindrance in the company of dozens of other citizens from all over the world.

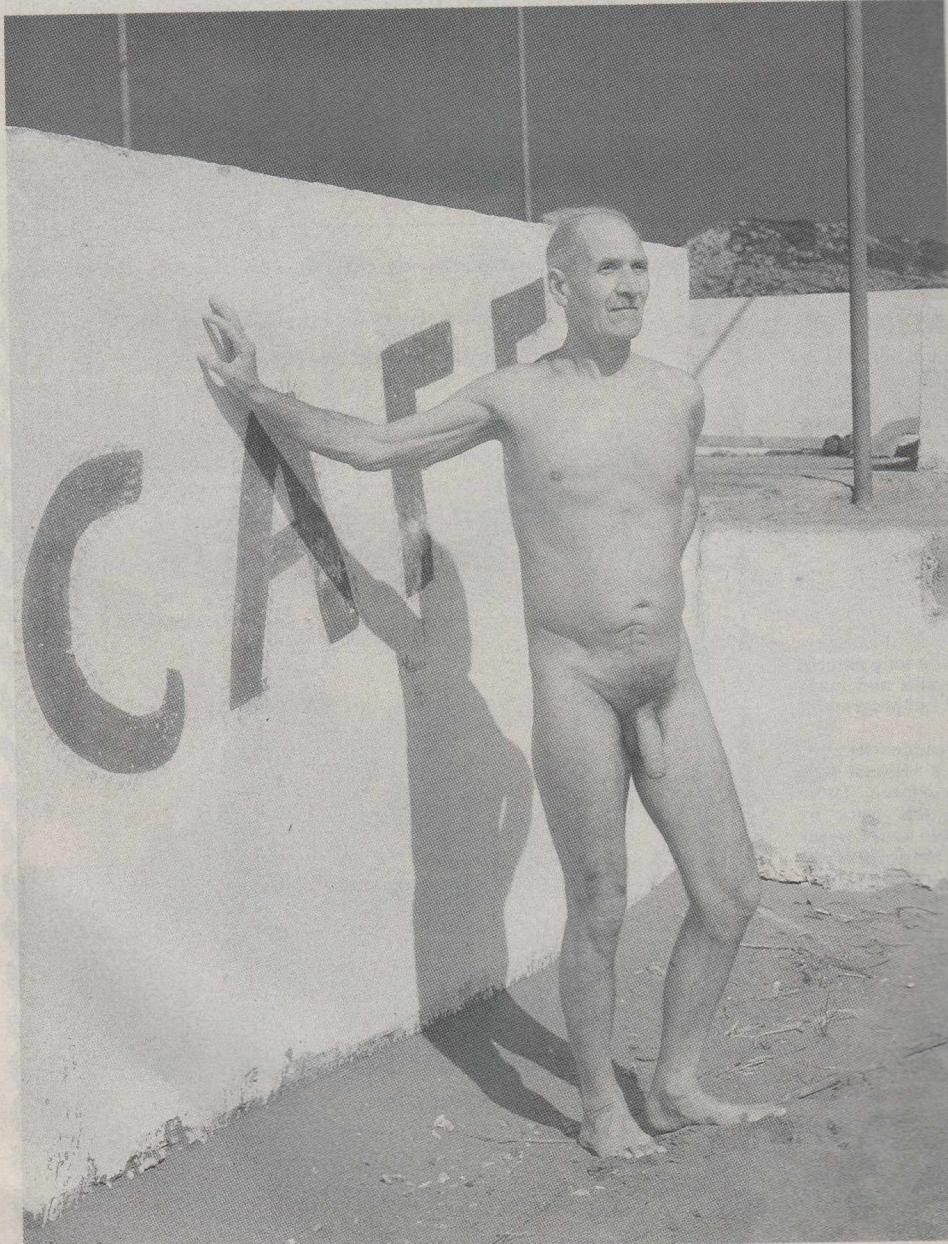
Nowhere in the brochures will you read that nudism is 'official' on that side of the river. It isn't – people just do it, in spite of the stones, and no one breaks the unwritten law that you don't do it before you cross the river.

'As they told us in the Army, any half-wit can be uncomfortable but it takes a bit of brain to keep your feet dry all the time.'

Sometimes the river is in spate and then the smart thing to do is to watch a dozen or so citizens trying to wade over before you turn left to walk a couple of hundred metres along the bank to a footbridge. As they told us in the Army, any half-wit can be uncomfortable but it takes a bit of brain to keep your feet dry all the time.

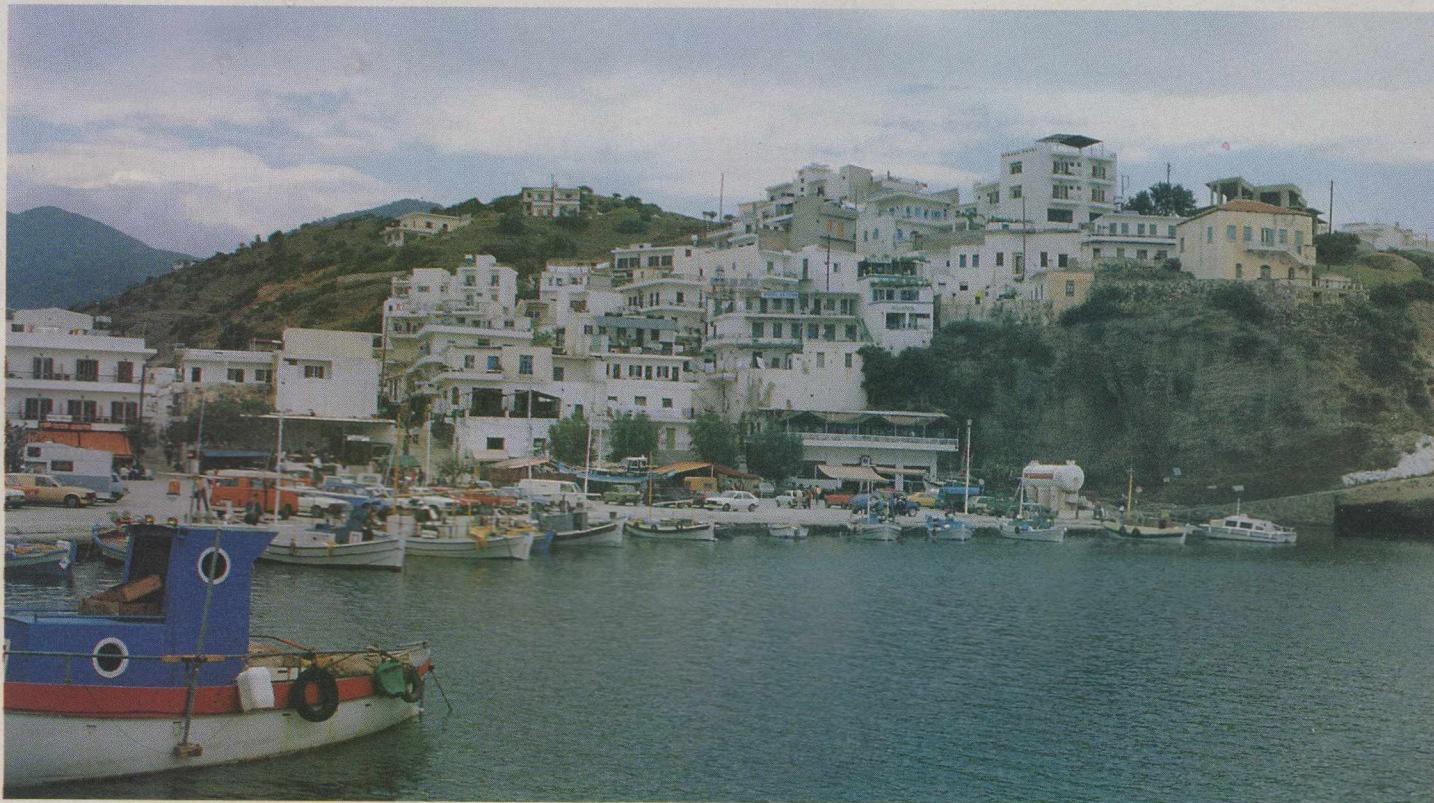
Be that as it may – here you are on your first day and the chances are that you will be on a bed and breakfast basis. Nearly all the hotels are small, family-run establishments which do not cater for lunch or evening meals. Your courier will have told you all this and suggested you try Taverna Street, so down the hill, please, towards the harbour. You can hardly miss it and in 15 minutes you are in a street full of restaurants, each with its bill of fare up on a board in large letters.

The first one I came to advertised 'Livver' among other goodies. Now I am very partial to a piece of well cooked liver with Greek salad and Feta cheese. 'Very sorry – no liver tonight. I bring you



Writer Edward Williams touches down on sandy ground.

**What could be 'sympatico' about a heap of old stones?
Where can you 'do it', as long as you cross the river first?
Can you really be serene at Aghia Galini? Edward Williams
takes us on his travels to the south coast of Crete. Now the
laws are generally relaxed, we can expect a great boom in
Greek naturist tourism, so it's wise to choose your islands
carefully.**



A general view of Aghia Galini.

some wine and the menu. Maybe you like some other meat?'

So, I settle down with a carafe of the local wine and while I am looking through the menu, I notice the manager slipping out of the back door. Before I have had time to find anything else I like, he is back again with something about the size of a rugby football wrapped up in a newspaper.

'My brother give me liver from his taverna. You have fried onions with it?'

I soon came to realise that this is typical of the village. There are only 500 or so inhabitants and they all have some connection with tourism. Even the local priest has a dozen or so rooms to let and nothing is too much trouble for the tourists. So – if you say you would like a lobster for tomorrow evening, you will get one – a really good one for about £6 and more than likely the table waiter will come up with a bottle of wine 'on the house' or perhaps even paid for out of the tips left by other people. I had the same sort of treatment six or seven years ago in Aghios Nikolaos (where the British TV series *The Lotus Eaters* and *Who Pays the Ferryman* were filmed). I think it must be the same everywhere in Crete.

The day after you arrive there is



The ancient city of Gortys.

CRETE



The historical island of Crete.

almost certain to be a free wine party laid on by Candia Tours where you will be told about the village facilities and also the dozen or so excursions available. These include all the archaeological sites at Knossos, Festos, Gortys, Malia, Zakros and Ayia Triada. These are all ancient Minoan cities in a good state of preservation and are all under constant excavation which reveals more and more as time passes.

Also there are day trips to the capital Heraklion and many other places of interest. I chose three and the first of these was to the Gorge of Samaria. You need good stout shoes for this as you are going to walk for about six hours to cover the 18 km.

The bus leaves Aghia Galini at 06.30, long before your hotel comes up with the breakfast, and climbs over the mountain to Rethymnon, then west to Vamos, Souda and Chania. You pass all these gorgeous tavernas but there is no breakfast for you yet.

At Chania it's south again over the mountain to Omalos and eventually by 10 o'clock to the Xyloskalo (the Wooden Staircase). Coffee, bacon, eggs (and, if you are sensible, half a litre of brandy) at last! You have to go down that wooden staircase, 1,500 feet of it, before you start

the 18 km walk along the bottom of the gorge.

Take heart – you are not the only individual daft enough to try this larking about. There will be the Cretan Agrimi for company. He is a sort of mountain goat.

Right, then, off you go. Head for the tiny port called Ayia Roumeli and try to get there by 17.00 otherwise you will miss the boat to Chora Sfakion – another small port famous for two things. It is where the last defenders of Crete were taken off and it is where your bus home will be waiting, right by the War Memorial. Over the mountains again and back to Galini by about 21.00.

**'He had a whale of a time
chatting up the talent while a
complete stranger was trying to
keep his boat off the rocks.'**

You will be about ready for that spiny lobster, nicely grilled over the open fire along with all the skewers of Souvlaki.

The second excursion was a day trip by boat to the beach at Aghios Pavlos Bay. On the face of it, this was a

straightforward two-hour passage to a very reasonable beach with the usual sprinkling of tavernas and back again by about 17.00. The unusual is perhaps not all that unusual for Crete, I am not sure. I was sitting quite close to the captain of the boat just after we left to come home and I think he must have said something like, 'Hold on to the wheel for a moment while I do this, that or the other'. He didn't come back until we were about 200 metres from the jetty at Galini!

He had a whale of a time chatting up the talent while a complete stranger was trying to keep his boat off the rocks.

'I think you have a boat yourself,' he said, taking over the wheel for the final docking. That evening at one of the tavernas where two of us were attending to the swordfish souvlaki, a large bottle of rosé suddenly appeared on the table with a little note 'from one Captain to another'. They are priceless people.

The third excursion took us by coach to the ancient Minoan cities of Gortys and Festos which are quite remarkable for the facilities such as water supply, drainage, etc., available to the inhabitants several thousands of years ago. After two or three hours amidst the excavations with a superb explanation by the guide, the coach took us to Matala Bay for lunch.

At one time the caves in the cliffs here were full with hippies from all over the world but the Cretan police have changed that during the last few years. As stated earlier, Cretans are priceless people, but I wouldn't recommend trying to bring in a load of drugs.

Apart from the locals, who are you likely to meet? I think the answer is that they will more than likely be a very mixed bag. My companion during the first week was a school-teacher with very strong political persuasions. I am not prepared to say which of us would be too red for Moscow and which would be too much for the ruling military Junta – it matters little when the main interest is trying to get an even all-over tan. The second week it was a TV programme director who thought I should try to join Equity and have a go at getting on the box. Anything can happen at Aghia Galini! You might even find the economic upturn down there on the stones.



For your choice of restaurants, head for Taverna Street.



A young beauty carves her path
through old stone.

HOW WE DISCOVERED CAP D'AGDE

A TALE OF TWO GIRLS

How did you discover Cap D'Agde? Almost everyone that ends up there seems to have a tale to tell. Either they're tricked into going there, persuaded to go for the hell of it or sometimes they just stumble upon it. Rarely do they have regrets. Suzy and Jilly certainly didn't and if you're lucky, you'll catch them there on their return visit this year.

NEITHER of the two girls had intended to spend a summer holiday at Cap

D'Agde – both had started the summer with different ideas and it was the long arm of





Suzy and Jilly, against the busy background of Cap D'Agde.

coincidence that brought them together on the sun-kissed beach of Cap D'Agde.

For Jilly, the summer had been intended to be the opportunity for a long planned holiday in Italy. A fellow Spanish student boy friend had fired her interest and imagination and she had for long planned a summer job in Malaga near to her boyfriend and yet close to the Costa del Sol.

For Suzy, it was different. A London TV production assistant with an exacting career in TV, Suzy had never even heard of Cap D'Agde or naturism – that is until she visited Blenheims – a chic new in-place wine bar in London's St. John's Wood. At Blenheims she had met a crowd of young Australians mainly male – doing Europe – who had decided that a visit to Cap D'Agde was high on their list of musts. In a rash moment, they had invited Suzy –



INTERNATIONAL

H&E





glamorous contestants, many participating each year during their annual holiday.

Apart from the excitement and glamour of this, one of the world's few nude beauty contests - the prizes, donated by Cap D'Agde business firms, are very well worthwhile, ranging from free holidays at Cap D'Agde to clothes and money prizes.

The event is a photographer's dream, as the twenty or so contestants parade about ten times wearing various styles and manner of clothes before the final judging when they parade completely nude. Photographers and, these days, video-buffs, start to occupy vantage points many hours before the contest commences.

Sponsored by, of all things, the Cap D'Agde Boutiques, the Miss Horizon contest starts by a parade of all contestants in chic clothes provided by the boutiques and some amazing numbers are worn. Successive parades by the individual contestants range from fully dressed to sportswear, bathing suits and



Jilly at last gets her balance.

who had lived for a while in Australia - to accompany them and so it was a rather shy, rather bemused but quite fascinated Suzy who found herself at Cap D'Agde.

Jilly had a brief introduction to Cap D'Agde years before but had not had the opportunity of really getting to know the place. As a young teenager, a friend of her father's had loaned to her and two brothers the use of a caravan on a permanent site in the South of France. Thus, Suzy and her brothers had arrived at the CHM camping at Cap D'Agde.

Arriving very late at night and finding the appropriate caravan with great difficulty, the family had no idea whatsoever that they were at a naturist resort and it was a rather perplexed Jilly who noticed the nude people around the caravan the following day.

That holiday was some years ago and Jilly always remembers how she had vowed to return to Cap D'Agde one day.

Life in Spain was not so good. The new-found summer job in a shop was interesting and well paid but not demanding. The Spanish boy friend proved on home ground to be less than enthui-

siastic - he didn't even take her home to meet Momma.

So, disappointed with Spain yet determined to stay in the Mediterranean sun, she remembered Cap D'Agde and realised that it was only a day's ride in a train away.

Once at Cap D'Agde she soon found herself friends, a tent site and a job in that order, and settled down to pass the rest of the holiday working part-time in a novelty shop - the rest of the time on the beach. Soon she was part of the 'in crowd' - the large group of young English-speaking people who gathered on the beach.

The girls met, quite by chance, at a beauty contest. The contest for the annual Miss Horizon was being held at the Horizon Restaurant at Port Nature and Jilly was persuaded by her friends to enter - in fact, she was the only English entrant amongst the 20 beautiful girls of all nations that took part.

Suzy had gone along to the contest with a group of English friends for the fun and the novelty and had no particular interest in the activities which were held in the open air as a dinner attraction. The annual Miss Horizon contest is one of the social highlights of Cap D'Agde and attracts many



then topless, bottomless and, lastly, completely nude, and it is this part of the show that brings the house down. How the waiters manage to continue to glide effortlessly through the throng delivering drinks defies description.

Europe was well represented by a cluster of lovely girls. As the only English girl in the show, Jilly had been persuaded to enter by the Novelty Boutique where she was working which had donated a prize.

Thus, when a shy and nervous Jilly paraded her all for the official judges and for the several thousand unofficial judges supporting them, it was Suzy and her English-speaking Aussie friends who raised a cheer for the lovely blonde—announced as 'Jilly—une jeune Anglaise, Mademoiselle Royame Unie'.

As it happens, she did not win—she did not even take a place, but she did receive at the end an invitation to join Suzy and her friends for a coffee and she followed by cooling her trepidation with a monster ice cream. Thus met



They couldn't wait to get out to sea each day.



our two girls who are now firm friends.

The following sunlit days were spent on the beach and whenever Jilly could get away from work she spent her time with her new friends on the beach or at the Waikiki Beach Pool.

Wonderful days, a never ending succession of sun, fun, sea and pleasure followed and a memorable time was enjoyed by all.

One of the highlights of the vacation for both girls was meeting an English visitor who had a racing motorboat with a 235 hp motor at Cap D'Agde. This boat, christened 'Mayfair' for unexplained reasons, was the greatest thrill of an exciting holiday. Both girls begged rides whenever they could for the sheer thrill and ecstasy of the boat's exciting performance or for water skiing.

Day after day they would wait for the sleek black power boat to appear from the portals of the naturist harbour. Moored off the beach and used as a sunbathing platform by both girls, the sleek, sexy, sensual power boat proved quite an attraction.

Another exciting aspect of the holiday was meeting by chance Henry Berney, of Eden

Holidays, who was at Cap D'Agde taking photographs for Eden's planned 1985 holiday brochure.

In no time at all, Henry had invited both girls to model for the brochure, an invitation which was readily accepted, and both girls had a lot of fun posing in a variety of locations ranging from balancing on windsurfers to narrow balconies high up in the colline overlooking Port Nature. Both girls enjoyed modelling immensely and the portents are that their joint, unplanned, entirely unexpected holiday at Cap D'Agde will be recorded for posterity in the travel brochure.

Both girls have now reluctantly returned to the UK. Suzy is back at her TV job making documentary films and programmes, whilst Jilly, fired with enthusiasm at Cap D'Agde, is hoping for a career in travel. Indeed, she is hoping to return to Cap D'Agde next year—so if you see a sweet, lovely English girl with a peaches and cream complexion trying to do a thousand and one things at once—it will be Jilly.

The cool brunette languishing on a sun lounger sucking an enormous ice cream whilst soaking up the sun will be Suzy.

So, beware!

HAY FEVER? HOW TO NIP IT IN THE BUD



Round about springtime the streets are full of people with streaming eyes, sneezing madly. That's bad enough, but what a way to ruin your holiday! If hay fever bugs you, why not try some of Charles O'Dooley's natural cures, straight out of the old recipe book left by his grandmaw in the Appalachian Mountains.



WHEN warm weather finally comes after a long cold winter, it is the prime season for enjoying the great outdoors. Sunny mornings to tend the garden, picnics in the fields by the river, days of swimming and playing volleyball with our nudist friends. That is, unless you happen to be one of the millions who suffer from hay fever. Sitting quietly in Plato's cave would be more appealing than spending a sunny pollen-filled day sneezing, wheezing and wishing for the hand of winter to bring you relief.

Hay fever is a seasonal allergy, brought on by the abundance of pollens in the air. Choked with allergies, an allergic person's body over-reacts, producing too many antibodies to ward off the foreign attackers. A copious amount of histamine is secreted from damaged cells of the delicate mucous membranes. Unfortunately, this very protective act leads to a great deal of swollen, congested discomfort for your head. For those of you tired of submitting to numerous allergy injections or using chemical antihistamines, here are some natural ways to reduce the inflammation, as well as potentially long-range controls for the condition.

‘Sitting in Plato’s cave would be more appealing than spending a sunny pollen-filled day sneezing, wheezing, and wishing for the hand of winter.’

When using natural treatments, it is often best to start preparing your body at least a month before hay fever season begins.

By far the most trusted natural remedy for hay fever is honey. Honey is an alkaline food which helps to neutralise the poisonous acids that form the matrix for an allergic reaction in the body. Glucose, or grape sugar, is the main component of honey, and increases the body's resistance to infection. Used in modern therapy to intensify the detoxifying activity of the liver, glucose is considered a most effective natural alleviation for poisoning.

In my grandmother's journal she offers the following strategies for using honey, depending on whether the hay fever condition is mild, moderately severe, or severe.

For one month before the expected onset of the season, chew locally-grown



Hayfever sufferers should beware the ides of March – it could bring on the sneezes.

honeycomb cappings once a day. If the hay fever appears at all, it will be mild. Continue eating honey and comb every other day to keep the nose open and dry. (Two teaspoons of liquid honey at each meal can be taken if no locally-grown honeycomb is available.) If your hay fever is moderately severe, chew honeycomb five times a day for the first two days, and then three times a day during the season.

If you are one of the unfortunate persons who have severe attacks of hay fever, grandmaw suggests preparing three months ahead of the season, by taking a tablespoon of honey after each meal, and a tablespoon in half a glass of water before bed. Then, two weeks before the season, start taking a mixture of two teaspoons of honey and two teaspoons of apple cider vinegar to half a glass of water before breakfast and again at bedtime.

Continue taking the honey-and-vinegar mixture through the season, as well as a tablespoon of honey after lunch and supper. You can also chew honeycomb during the day to keep your nose open and dry.

Locally-grown honeycomb, containing small amounts of pollen you're allergic to, will give the best results. Grandmaw also says that chewing honeycomb three times a week will eradi-

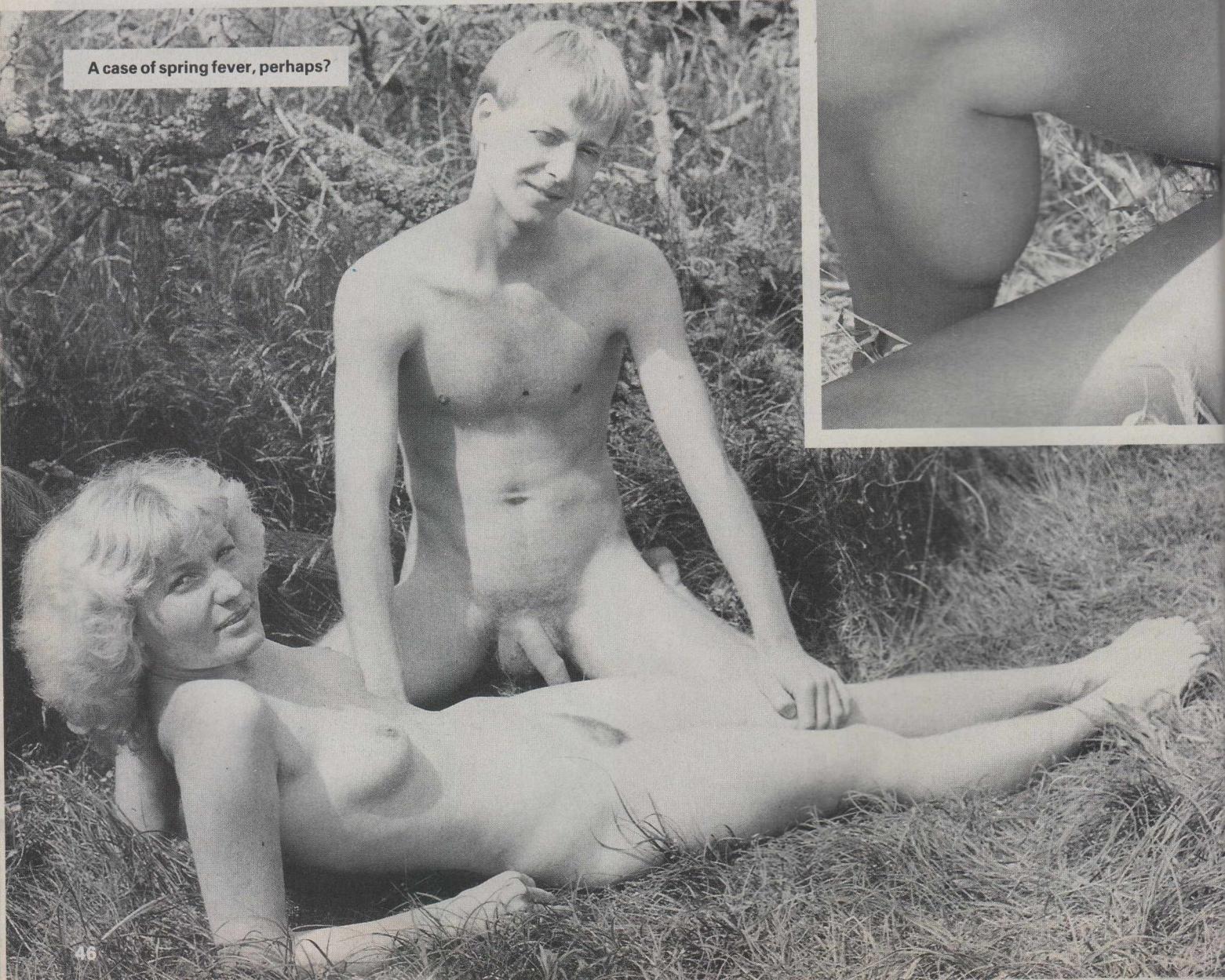
cate hay fever in three years time. (To chew honeycomb, take a small wad the size of chewing gum and keep chewing at it for 15 minutes or so before you spit it out.)

To prevent and relieve the symptoms of hay fever, grandmaw suggests the following. Let me stress again, that for many of these treatments, preparing your body at least a month before the season is strongly advised. Once you're under attack it may be three to five days before you'll reap the benefit of your efforts. In addition to the honey therapy, select one or two of the following remedies to fortify your immune system.

Red clover (*Trifolium pratense L leguminosae*): This seems to have re-entered British herbal use from American folk medicine in the nineteenth century. Tea made from the blossoms of red clover helps strengthen the body's resistance to allergies, and is also used for many other medical uses by the mountain people that I won't go into here. To make the tea, add one teaspoon of clover blossoms to a cup of boiling water and steep for five to ten minutes. Before the hay fever season starts, drink three to four cups a day. During the season, or if an attack occurs, double your intake of tea and take large hourly amounts of vitamin C (preferably from



A case of spring fever, perhaps?





The lucky ones can snuggle in to the long grass at the first glimpse of sunshine.

rosehips if you can get them).

Farum phos: A cell salt that is helpful in treating hay fever. Dissolve three tablets on the tongue every two hours for the first day. After that, take them three times a day.

Licorice root (*Glycyrrhiza glabra*): A perennial leguminous herb of southern and central Europe. Licorice root strengthens resistance to allergens. Use three roots to one quart of water, boil for 10 minutes, strain, and take one tablespoon three times a day, every other day, for six days.

Vitamin C: Unlike chemical antihistamines that simply dehydrate the membranes of their histamine, thus reducing the body's need to secrete fluid. Vitamin C is best absorbed in small doses – hourly rather than all at once. For instance, take 250 mg every hour until you've absorbed a protective 1,500 mg.

Or, when you're under attack, taking 5,000 mg daily is not out of the ordinary. Take 2,000 mg the first hour, and 1,000 mg the second, third, and fourth hours. Repeat for three to five days.

Vitamin E: This has also been tested as a natural antihistamine that avoids the side effects – drowsiness and raised blood pressure – associated with synthetic antihistamines. When under attack, Dr. Paavo Airola suggests taking 300 to 800 IU daily.

Inspirol inhalant: The formula for this inhalant, which includes balsam, eucalyptus and tincture of benzoin, was suggested by Edgar Cayce as an excellent herbal aid for all respiratory ailments, including hay fever. The fumes may be inhaled into the nose and mouth three times daily or when necessary. I have tried this myself and it is quite soothing to hay fever symptoms. For

best results, try using the inhalant consistently. If your health food store doesn't have this prepared mixture, you can order it direct from The Heritage Store, Box 444NR, Virginia Beach, Va. 23458, USA.

For a free price list of Edgar Cayce's items for health and healing, including herbal tonics and remedies, cosmetics, castor oil, and more, send a SAE to the above address.

Castor oil refined: A month before the season, start taking three drops of castor oil in your morning hot beverage and continue through the season. This assists the liver in its detoxifying work and helps to monitor an overproduction of antigens.

Most naturalists concur with French naturopath Raymond Dextreit in assessing allergic conditions. In his comprehensive manual *Our Earth, Our Cure*,

he wrote: 'Allergic troubles may arise whenever the liver is forced to make poisons from certain substances due to their stimulation, inhalation or absorption, or when the liver cannot neutralise the toxins, because of a deficiency in some of its functions.'

Homeopathic tincture: Homeopathy is a branch of natural therapeutics that offers potent combinations of herbal-based tinctures for the temporary relief of various symptoms. Typically, 15 drops of a specific tincture are put under the tongue several times a day. Natra-Bio, a reputable producer of homeopathic remedies, offers tincture No. 519 for relief of hay fever symptoms. Order through your local health food store or directly from: Natra-Bio Co., 1427½ Santa Monica Mall, Santa Monica, Ca. 90401, USA.

Naturalists also agree that allergic

conditions like hay fever are primarily controlled by eliminating from the diet refined and processed foods. A dietary base of fresh fruits and vegetables, nuts, seeds and grains builds your body resistance to a level that can gradually make hay fever attacks a thing of the past. During the season, you'll save your body a good deal of grief by limiting your intake of the prime offenders, all favourites in the typical diet.

Eliminate dairy products from your diet, since they tend to clog the system and make things worse. Cultured milk (kefir, buttermilk, yogurt) and well-aged crumbly cheese are least offensive in this category. Bring them more into your diet as you cut back on brie, milkshakes and ice cream. Then cut back on those too, at least during the hay fever season.

Eliminate refined starch as well as red meats during the season. In other

words, say ta ta to burgers and buns.

Eliminate refined sugars from your diet. Sugar products deplete vitamin C, calcium and magnesium, the particular nutrients already when an allergic condition is present. Replace refined sugars with fresh fruits, especially those with pits in them, such as cherries, peaches and apricots.

Following the suggestions in this article may help you, or at least some of you, to rediscover the pleasures of a gentle greeze blowing through your hair as you walk through a field of wild flowers and turn 'Ah Choo!' into 'Ah, Summer'.

Persons ill or on medications should consult their physicians before using other healing methods. All the remedies mentioned in this article are derived from ancient folklore, and their efficiency depends upon the individual. I am not offering medical advice for serious conditions.

The following organisations offer membership, information and details of herb suppliers. Those marked * offer a regular publication such as a magazine and services of particular benefit to those with an interest in herbalism. A stamped, self-addressed envelope or international reply coupons will usually secure details of what each one offers.

England

The British Herbal Medicine Association, The Old Coach House, Southborough Road, Surbiton, Surrey, England

The Garden History Society,* 12 Charlbury Road, Oxford, England

The Herb Society,* 34 Boscobel Place, London SW1, England

The General Council and Register of Consultant Herbalist Ltd. and The British Herbalist Union Ltd., 93 East Avenue, Bournemouth, England

The National Institute of Medical Herbalist Ltd., 20 Osborne Avenue, Jesmond, Newcastle, England

Australia

The Herb Society of South Australia Inc., PO Box 140, Parkside, S. Australia 5063, Australia

The Queensland Herb Society,* 23 Greenmount Avenue, Holland Park, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia

National Herbalist Association of Australia (Queensland Chapter), Montville Road, Mapleton, Queensland, Australia, 4560

The Academy of Natural Healing Pty. Ltd., 7 The Esplanade, Ashfield, New South Wales, Australia 2131

New Zealand

The Auckland Herb Society, PO Box 20022, Glen Eden, Auckland 7, New Zealand

France

Société de Recherches et de Diffusion de Plantes Medicinales, 8 rue St Marc, Paris 2e, France

Germany

Bundesfachverband der Heilmittelindustrie eV, D-500 Koeln, Glockengassestrasse 1, Germany

Verband der Reformwaren-Hersteller (VRH) eV, D-6380 Bad Homburg vd H, Hessenring 73, Postfach 2320, Germany

Italy

Associazione Nazionale Commercianti, Prodotti Erboristici, Via Massena 20, 10128 Torino, Italy

Associazione Nazionale Erboristi e Piante Officinali (ANEPO),* Via E.S. Piccolomini 159, 53100, Siena, Italy





He doesn't look as if anything could bug him!

LOOKING FOR A RAW DEAL IN FRANCE?

THE Côte is still magical. Every year hundreds of thousands of tourists head for that coastline stretching from St. Tropez to Nice, and campers in their thousands flock to the sites thickly populating that same region – attracted by the almost guaranteed sunshine, and also by the 'snob' appeal, the 'I've been there'.

Consequently the camp sites are filled almost to overflowing. The beaches are so crowded that there is not room to swing the proverbial cat and traffic is jammed bumper to dented bumper. Here, topless bathing is the norm and the more courageous go another step further and leave everything behind on site and the authorities turn a blind eye.

Certainly, and if you should be considering a naturist holiday, then the south of France is a fine place to go – but why consider only the Côte D'Azur with its noise and bustle and high prices? Why not give a thought to the Languedoc-Roussillon region to the west of Marseilles, that often unexplored area stretching from the Rhône Delta almost to the Pyrenees?

'When the Mistral blows you could end up with sand in your bed, in your food, and beneath the bonnet of your car.'

The usual approach to the south of France is via Lyon. For campers driving down from the Channel ports it is well worth while considering an overnight stop here – Le Havre is 680 km from Lyon; Calais is 750 km away; extremely long journeys to immediately follow a sea crossing, even by using the motorways from either Arras or Rouen.

Thanks are due in some way to the relaxed attitude to life of the French, for campers are usually able to spend a night somewhere in the countryside and without being told to move on and without, in many instances, even breaking French laws. But one should be careful to observe signs displayed outside of towns and which do forbid this.

If you should want to be on the safe side (and at the beginning of a holiday that is understandable) there are a number of good sites in the vicinity of Lyon suitable for that overnight stay and resting before attempting that additional 300 km to the coast.

One of the more popular sites is the Port Du Lyon just 10 km outside of



These people have found a pretty spot in the Pyrenees.

France's third largest city – and one important consideration here is that the site is near to the Dardilly motorway exit and there is no need for an exhaustive tour of the city's streets.

This site, however, is highly popular and most of the individual pitches are occupied by early afternoon.

The toilets and washrooms here are of a very high standard and with hot showers; there is a washing machine and a good children's playground and, while there is no shop on site, just a few yards away is a massive supermarket.

There are some good excursions to be made around Lyon – and in Lyon too for that matter, for this is one of Europe's more progressive cities: and here too is claimed to be the world's largest rose garden. However, you probably are not going to have either the time nor the inclination to go around sniffing roses. The site here is, after all, and as are others in the vicinity, usually used as an overnight stay before taking the A7 motorway down the Rhône Valley.

Almost 20 km down the valley one reaches Vienna, an ancient town on the

left bank of the Rhône, entering the town by the Quai Pajot with Mount Solomon on the left, then along the Quai Jean Jaures for the Valence exit.

Valence, also on the Rhône, is just over 70 km to the south and then, after another 100 km, one reaches the big interchange at Orange. Here the A9 continues towards Marseilles and 25 km away from the interchange is Avignon: this is a busy bustling city but there is no need to enter completely; nowadays there is a good ring road and a through-way.

The Languedoc-Roussillon region extends from the Rhône Delta as far westwards as the Pyrenees and along this coast are numerous camp sites of varying standards and also many opportunities for camping 'wild' – such opportunities probably unequalled anywhere else in Europe.

The Delta used to be an area of swampland and was a breeding place for mosquitoes, but now much of it has been drained. The name of the region, The Camargue, is world renowned as being one of the last wildernesses in

Planning a camping holiday in France? Then you'll need to keep your ears to the ground: things which needn't concern the hotel patron will be of great importance to you. Things like showers, loos, fierce winds, and how close your tent flaps will be to your neighbours. Peter Jones points us in the right direction ...



It's good to wake up and find your tent still erect, and the sun gazing down ...

Europe, and one part of it, the eastern end, is still fairly unknown to tourists. This is called the Salin De Giraud and here are most expansive beaches so firm that one can drive along.

Here are to be seen large numbers of 'unofficial' campers. Literally thousands camp on this flat expanse of fine sand and along here those who might wish to bathe or sunbathe in the raw may freely do so.

But one word of warning - these broad stretches of fine sand are open to the elements and when the Mistral blows then you could end up with sand in your bed, in your food, and beneath the bonnet of your car!

By the way, although it is perfectly alright to camp freely here, there are no sanitary facilities at all - you do have to make your own arrangements.

If this area is not to your own satisfaction then head along the coastal strip to the south-western corner of Palavas Les Flots. You will come upon a rough dirt road and along here are many deserted beaches and among the dunes are many places for camping wild, and also one or two naturist areas.

Inland from here is Montpellier, a town of wide boulevards and interesting little side streets. There are many restaurants, including some very good ones. It is a busy and lively town and an excellent shopping area - notably in the Place de la Comedie and on the Esplanade, lined with plane trees and parking meters.

From Palavas the road westwards is nothing short of being diabolical and runs through a frightful industrial area with factories and an oil refinery polluting the air and while there are camp sites here, it is better not to tarry overlong. Really, the best thing is to get the heck out of it as quickly as you can and head for Sete.

Sete is, after Marseilles, the largest commercial port in Mediterranean France, and it has a curious position on a narrow tongue of land that divides the Etang de Thau from the sea. I suppose it is a little like Amsterdam for the centre is intersected by canals.

Unfortunately the town is surrounded by industrial plants including a large cement works and refinery and the both times I have driven through Sete I've never seen it without a traffic jam of some sort.

Sixteen kilometres along the coast you will come to Marseillan-Plage and here are two sites of interest to naturists.

Camping Des Sirenes is the last site at the end of the coastal road – you cannot journey further for dense undergrowth and bushes bar progress.

There are two parts to this site and the part to be on is the one on the seaward side of the road and preferably close to the entrance which is completely shaded by trees – the rest is in full sun. As this is a really secluded spot and with such a beautiful beach, the site has established itself as a naturist area. And on the beach itself nudists wander along from the nearby naturist centre at Cap D'Agde.

At Cap D'Agde the French tourist industry caters for naturist enthusiasts to an extent nowhere else to be found in Europe. I suppose really that a first time visitor might be a little embarrassed. Here, there are naturist centres at Port Nature and Heliopolis; immense complexes laid out purely for the naturist holidaymaker.

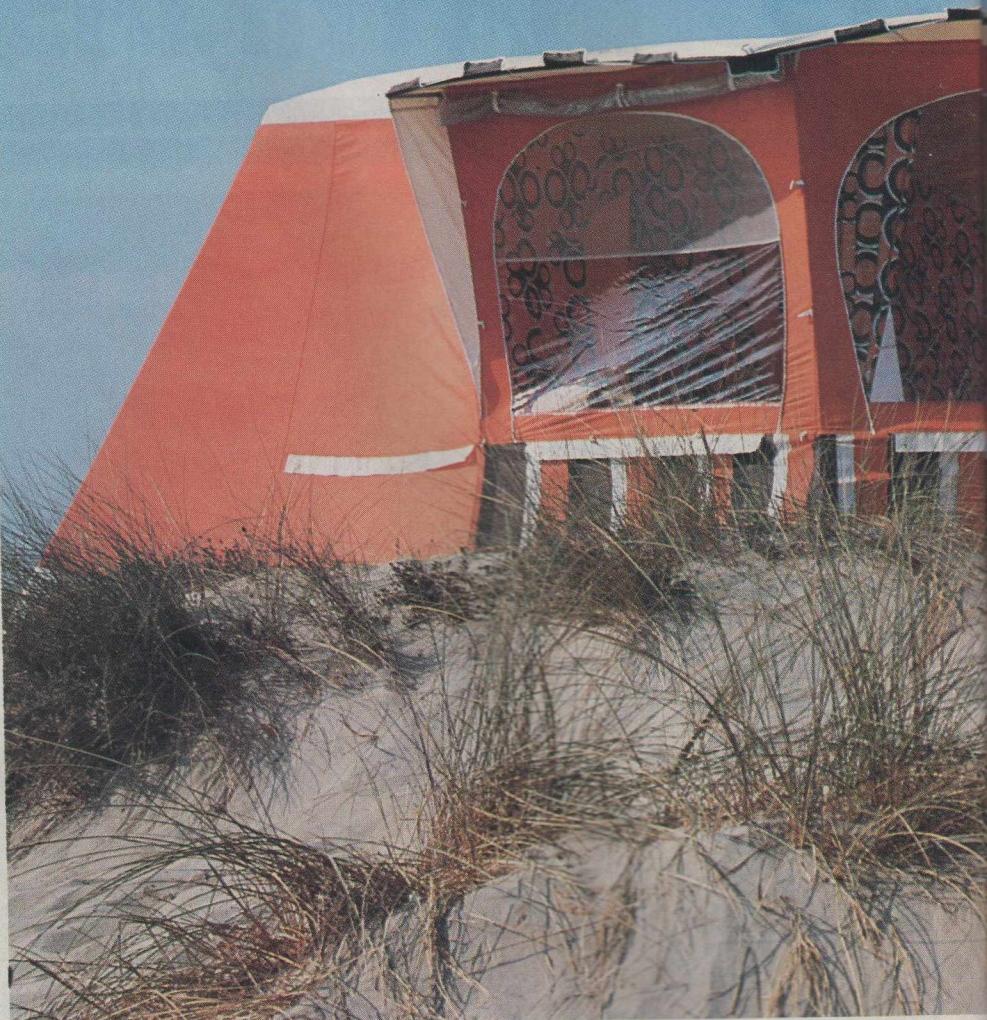
At Agde is one enormous camp site – surely one of the very largest on the Continent – the Camping Centre Helio Marin Oltra Freres – for naturists only, it must be emphasised. This vast area of sand and grass is quartered by macadam strips but it is very easy to get lost here. About half the site has been laid out with young trees and shrubs, but for the rest of it, nothing at all grows.

This site is right on the beach and while there are numerous sanitary facilities positioned at intervals, these are quite spartan and even primitive. Part of the site is separated from the sea by a huge dune 10 m high and on top of this is a small snack-café. The beach is of the usual fine sand; there is sailing and a windsurfing school and for the youngsters, a playground and a paddling pool.

Remember – this is a naturist site and anyone wearing clothes is banned!

On the Cap D'Agde itself there is a

The beauty of camping in a naturist site is you never need to get dressed.



If you go everywhere with a portable zoo, camping is probably your only choice.

traffic-free zone around the yacht harbour and many shops and restaurants, bars and cafés, and here too are many picturesque street traders and street musicians – picturesque, but a bit of a nuisance at times. If you really want to live it up then there are enough cinemas, discos and night clubs here to satisfy even the most voracious appetite.

Immediately westwards and beyond the mouth of the River Herault is an agricultural area. There's a veritable mess of vines and reeds and a mass of camp sites. All of this is quite peaceful and, again, with beautiful beaches.

Perhaps the best known site here is the La Carabasse at Vias Sur Mer. A site of very high standards – there's a large car park and, for caravanners, water connections, which is something not always found around here. The toilets and washrooms are modern and well cared for and there is an excellent take-away service at the restaurant – plus a supermarket, a large swimming pool and kiddies pool and playground. This site is well signposted along the N112 from Vias itself.

Continuing along the road from Vias, this stretch of coastline is quite quiet. At



Serignan-Plage, which is not really a town, but a group of camp sites, there is an excellent beach and among the dunes are ideal places for naturists.

Again here, there is much free camping for those not requiring site facilities: the dunes provide shelter and privacy. Probably, and by the time you read this, the area will be spoiled for, jumping on the band-wagon of 'catch-the-tourist', a large number of sites are springing up along this coast – and not many of them are to be recommended.

Two, again exclusively naturist sites, can be recommended – the Gymno Club Mediterranee, open all the year round, may appear at first sight to be rather barren, devoid of facilities. But campers are able to take advantage of the amenities to be found on the adjoining site – by simply pulling on a swimsuit or a pair of shorts – for both places are under the same ownership.

The other naturist site is the Clos de Ferrand, also at Serignan-Plage. This site was opened only a couple of years ago and is well run. The toilets and washrooms particularly are really spick and span – this in itself is perhaps unusual for a naturist site. The whole

beach here is quite beautiful; hollows among the low dunes and broad sandy stretches sloping gently into the water.

For those who need to keep in touch with civilisation, Beziers lies just 10 km inland. It is a quiet town with many fascinating cafés and bars and there are many shops and boutiques.

Continuing along the coast and on the other side of the river Orb is another good beach at Valras-Plage. Between here and the mouth of the river Aude is a stretch of Shangri-La for naturists. Here again are innumerable opportunities for camping 'Sauvage' – but no facilities. Water and provisions have to be brought in, although at weekends vendors walk the whole beach with their wares of food and drink.

To get into the Aude 'department' one has to make a short detour inland through old world villages and strings of vineyards to Fleury and then back to the coast to St. Pierre-sur-Mer. On this road you pass through quite dense forests and here there is always a danger of fire – take all possible precautions with cigarettes and naked flames.

St. Pierre is a small village with the usual sandy beach and to the north this comes to an abrupt end by a section of cliffs and on a small beach below, naturism is widely practised. Here too is excellent sailing and windsurfing.

Only a small harbour filled with yachts divides St. Pierre from Narbonne-Plage. South of the village the road turns inland to Gruissan and through a series of lakes. Gruissan is interesting: a fishing village of narrow streets, but ten years ago the village was extended and is now one of the more recent new Mediterranean resorts. A little to the south Gruissan-Plage is a village on stilts. Most of the chalet-houses here are built atop poles on the beach and the areas beneath form nice shady car parks.



If you've nowhere to sleep, hitch a sunlift from a passing motorist.

At Lapalme, also on the Aude, is Camping Le Clapotis, another site for the exclusive use of naturists. It is ideally situated on and around a hill above the Etang de Lapalme salt lake and is surrounded by tall hedges. The site is extremely clean, on patchy grass and gravel, and there is an Olympic-sized swimming pool. Running between the sea and a large expanse of water known as the Etang de Leucate ou de Salses, is a mere finger of land that was until recently an insect-infested sandbank-swamp, but now the place is filled with naturists – although *not* exclusively for their own use.

Port Leucate and Port Bacares are two newly-built and ultra-modern villages built out of nothing. At Port Bacares is a ship lying on the beach and named the Lydia. This is quite a landmark around here and contains a casino, bars, restaurant and swimming pool.

At Port Leucate is Club Nature Ulysee, another centre exclusively for naturists although the actual camp site is only a part of the whole giant complex includ-

ing hotel and apartments. Campers here are checked in twice – once at the club entrance and again at the camp site reception – this latter a quite modern structure of glass. There is still a bit of construction work going on here but when completed, campers will lack for nothing. The only snag here is that the wind can be rather strong and the sea quite cold.

Further along the coast is Cala Gogo at St. Cyprian-Plage – actually there are two sites at St. Cyprian. The first is a municipal site, a great expanse of grass but most unattractive. Cala Gogo is luxurious by comparison – not merely grass, but lawns! Here and below is a wide beach with dunes – another paradise for sun worshippers.

There is little further along for naturist campers. South of Argeles the wide open spaces of Languedoc come to an end and the Pyrenees sweep right down to the sea.

As an end to the stay, a visit to Perpignan might be in order. Everyone who sees Perpignan says that this is

exactly what an old French town should look like – broad boulevards, narrow little higgledy-piggledy streets, courtyards, cafés and an ancient castle.

Actually Perpignan is more Spanish than French – for much of its history it was a part of Spain. It certainly is an interesting place to tour if one can bear to wear clothes following the sun and sea-spray and wind which will have caressed the body over the past few days. And Perpignan is best explored by foot. On the north side of Boulevard Wilson is a large public park and usually there is room to park the car here while one leisurely strolls the old town.

Interesting too to explore the Place du la Loge where there are many restaurants and cafés – this is the focus for Perpignan's social life.

For further information

Refer to the *International Naturist Guide* obtainable from INF or your national naturist organisation. (See Club Directory in this magazine for addresses.)

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CLUB

INTERNATIONAL NATURIST FEDERATION (INF)

St. Hubertusstraat 3, 2600 Berchem/Antwerpen, Belgium.

ARGENTINA

National Organisation: Cristian Vogt, Av. Coronel Diaz 2277/11'E, 1425 Buenos Aires, Argentina.

AUSTRALIA

International Organisation: Australian Nudist Federation, P.O. Box 268, Belconnen A.C.T. 2616, Australia.

Adelaide Sunlovers Resort, P.O. Box 160, Aldgate, S. Australia 5154.

AUSTRIA

National Organisation: De NV, Possinger-gasse 65, 1160 Wien.

BELGIUM

National Organisation: Federation Belge de Naturisme, Clos du Chemin Creux 4/13, 1030 Bruxelles.

De Spar, Volhardingstraat 67, B-2020 Antwerpen.

Helios, P.O. Box 1185, B-1000 Bruxelles.

Phoebus, Rue de la Paix 44, Vredesstraat 44, B-1050 Bruxelles.

Club Belvedere, B.P. 15, B-4000 Liege or 33 rue Reine Elisabeth, B-4547 Haccourt.

Le Perron, P.O. Box 169, B-4000 Liege.

Heidegouw, P.O. Box 13, B-3500 Hasselt.

Gravensteen, P.O. Box 245, B-9000 Gent.

Plein-Ciel, c/o Raoul Jouan, rue de la Cite 40, B-4410 Vottem.

BRAZIL

National Organisation: Hans Frillman, Caixa Postal 7550.

BRITAIN

National Organisation: Central Council for British Naturism (CCBN), Assurance House, 35-41 Hazelwood Road, Northampton.

CLUBS (CCBN members)

Adventurers Sun Club, c/o J. D. Ayto, 110 Birling Road, Snodland, Maidstone, Kent.

Apollo Sun Club, c/o 53 Sheppesey, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

The Arcadians, Greenglades, Blind Lane, Billericay, Essex.

Aztecs Recreational and Sun Club, Aztec Sun Park, Crawley, West Sussex.

Badgerwood, Berkshire Sun and Leisure Club, Freepost, Bracknell RG12 1BR.

Blackthorns Sun Club, c/o Ian Slater, 47 Rosamund Road, Bedford.

Bournemouth and District Outdoor Club and Holiday Centre, Matchams Drive, Matchams, Ringwood, Hants.

Brighton Sun Club, Hamshaw, Sloop Lane, Scaynes Hill, Haywards Heath, West Sussex.

Bristol Solarians, Tara, Mapleridge Road, Chipping Sodbury, Bristol.

Broadland Sun Association Ltd., Brickle Road, Upper Stoke Holy Cross, Norwich.

Charwood Acres Country Club, Markfield Road, Ratby, Leicester.

Far West Sun Club, c/o Dracaena, Sticker, St. Austell, Cornwall.

Gardenia Sun Club, Lye Lane, Bricket Wood, St. Albans, Herts.

Greennacres Club, Cornsay, Durham.

Hastings Sun Club, Hides, Westfield, Hastings, East Sussex.

Invicta Sun Club, The Firs, Forge Lane, Sutton, Dover, Kent.

Lancashire Sun Society, Hazel Grove, Sandy Lane, Rufford, Ormskirk, Lancs.

Leicester Sun Group, c/o 8 Redruth Close, Coventry.

London Health and Sauna Club, Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, London W1.

Manchester Sun and Air Society, c/o 18 Geneva Drive, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire.

New Forest Outdoor Club, North Lodge, Hurn Road, Ringwood, Hants.

Pendale Sun Club, c/o Keith Mackley, 17 Raynham Crescent, Blackhill, Keighley, West Yorks.

Ribble Valley Sun Club, Briarwood, Ribchester Road, Clayton-le-Dale, Blackburn, Lancs.

Scottish Outdoor Club, 'Elstree', Inchmurrin Island, Balmaha, Glasgow G63 0JY.

Shepley Court Naturist Hotel, Blackawton, Totnes, Devon.

South Hants Sun Society, Stockers, North Farnham, Fareham, Hants.

South Yorkshire Sun Club, 'Gallimaufry', Treswell Road, South Leverton, Nr Retford, Notts DN22 0BP.

Springwood Sun Club, Cooks Hall Road, West Berholt, Colchester, Essex.

Surrey Downs Club, Membership Secretary, P.O. Box 281, London SE27 9QG.

Valerian Sun Club, c/o 'Lingwood', 33 Athelney Road, Shanklin, I.O.W.

White Rose Club, Flaxton, York.

Wrekin View Naturist Club, Crin Cottage, Kenston, Market Drayton, Salop.

Yorkshire Sun Society, c/o 50 Wareham Close, Bransholme, Hull HU7 6AY.

RECREATIONAL CHARITY

Naturist Foundation, Naturist Headquarters, Orpington BR5 4ET, Orpington 71200.

Branches (enjoy use of Naturist Foundation Grounds):

Bexley Sun Society

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OTHER CLUBS

Chester Naturist Club, c/o 31 Market Street, Hoylake, Wirral, Merseyside.

Eureka Club, Mark Wilson, Manor Lane, Fawkham, Kent DA3 8ND.

Fiveacres Country Club, Bricket Wood, St. Albans.

Lincolnshire Group of Sun Clubs, Bill Holesworth, 222 Sandringham Road, Cleethorpes. 0472 699721 (includes East Coast Naturist Club, The Lincolnshire Poachers, Victoria Sun Beach Club and The Lincoln Imps).

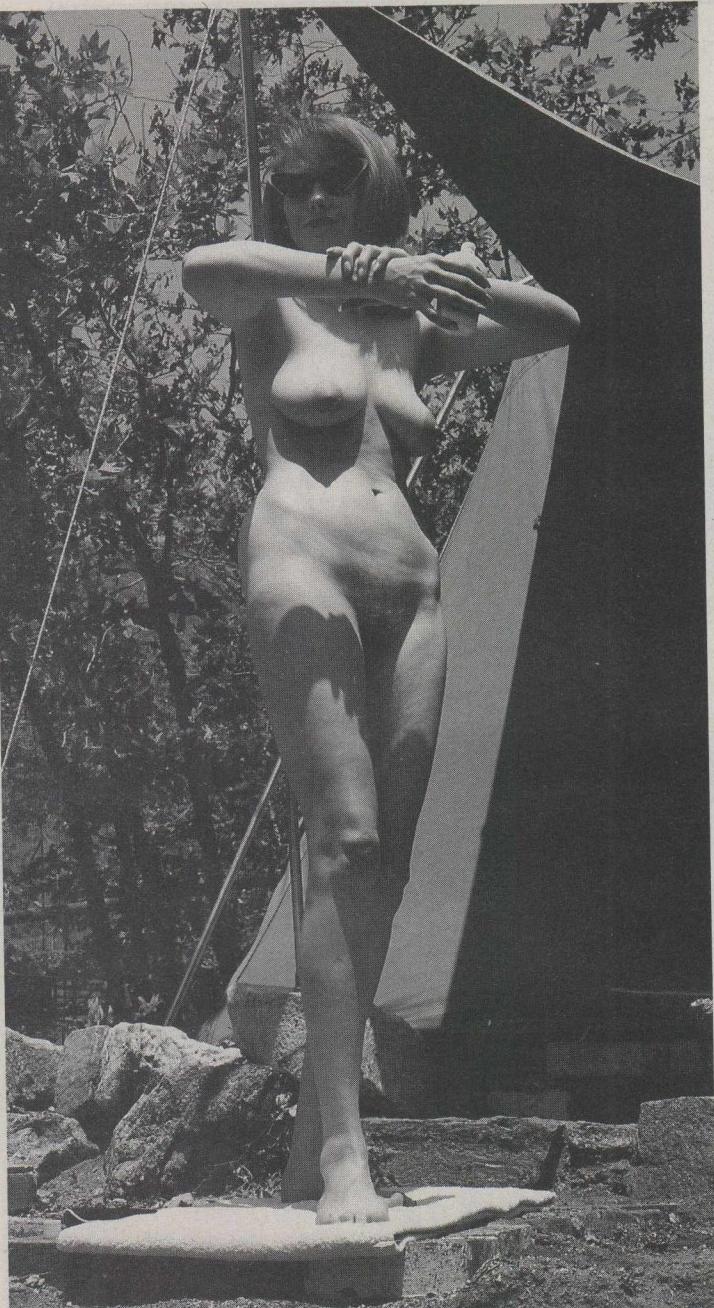
North Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devonshire.

Sunfolk Society, c/o 10 Pomfret Avenue, Hart Hill, Luton, Beds LU2 0JL.

The Old Smithy, Penyfeid, Llanbedroy, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire.

Torbay Sun Club, Avian Nook, 7 Wellesley Road, Torquay, Devon.

Woodlands Club, Fillongley, Coventry, West Midlands.



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DIRECTORY

We list the national organisations under each country. Write to them for further details enclosing stamps or international reply coupon.

Please note that the addresses printed are often for information only, not the actual address of the grounds:

OFFICIAL BEACHES
Ardeer Beach, Ayrshire, Scotland. About one mile south of the town's main beach, separated by a promontory.

Cleats Shore, Lagg, Isle of Arran, Scotland. At the southernmost tip of the island.

Fraisthorpe Sands, Bridlington, Yorkshire. Two miles south of main town beach.

Gunton Sands, Lowestoft, Suffolk. One mile north of Lowestoft, off B1385.

Leysdown East Beach, Isle of Sheppey, Kent. Half a mile to the east of the town.

Long Rock Beach, Swalecliffe, Whitstable, Kent. Behind the recreation ground, a mile east of the main town beach.

Fairlight Cove, Hastings, Sussex. A good mile's walk to the east of Hastings.

Brighton, East Beach, Sussex. A short distance to the east of the main town promenade.

Polygaver Beach, St Austell, Cornwall. At east end of Carleton Bay.

CANADA

National Organisation: The Western Canadian Sunbathing Association, P.O. Box 1113, Calgary, Alberta T2P 2K9.

Toronto Helios Society, RR1 Sharon, Ontario. Tel: (416) 473-2462.

FFN, 1415 rue Jarry est, Porte 3-37, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2E 277.

DENMARK

National Organisation: Dansk Naturist Union (DNU), c/o Ella Pihl, Fuglebakkevej 103, DK-2200 Copenhagen N, Denmark.

FRANCE

National Organisation: Federation Francaise de Naturisme (FFN), 53 rue de la Chaussee d'Antin, Paris.

There are so many clubs in France (details from the above) that we are just listing the naturist holiday centres.

Koad-ar-Roche, 56820 Neant-sur-Yvel. La Herpiniere, 49730 Montsoreau.

Creuse Nature, Le Cheix, 23600 Boussac-Bourg.

Centre Heli-Marin, 33930 Montalivet. Camp Naturist de Grayan, Euronat, Grayan l'Hopital 33590.

Club Quercy-Agenais Naturiste, Rene Point, La Tuque, Belave, 56140 Luzech. Centre Naturiste de Devese, Bernard Lautier, 32380 St. Clar.

Centre Naturiste de Montagne, 'Les Clapières', 05100 Briancon. Alpes et Soleil, 38650 Sinard.

Domaine Naturiste International 'La Romegas', Mme Schillemans, 26170 Buis-les-Baronnies.

Le Haut Chandelalar, Y. and P. Boisgontier, 06850 Brianconnet, St. Auban.

Club du Soleil de Nice-Lèvres, La Gorghetta, 06720 Levens.

Centre de Vacances de la Haute-Gardure, 83830 Callas.

Domaine Naturiste de Beleyz, 84410 Bedoin.

Plage des Templiers, M. Jacques Guerrier, B.P. 22 Saint Ferreol, 07700 Bourg-Saint-Andéol.

Relais de la Conche, Claude and Jeannine Bennetot, Saint Montan, 07220 Viviers.

Le Ran du Chabrier, Mme Metge, B.P. no. 1, 30430 Barjac.

Ran du Chateau de Ferreyrolles, 7 rue de la République, 30100 Ales.

La Genese, Mejannes-le-Clap, 30710 Saint-Jean-de-Maruejols.

Les Bois de la Sabliere, St. Privat-de-Champons, 30430 Barjac.

Centre Heli-Marin, 34300 Agde.

Gymno-club Mediterranean, Serignan Nature, 34410 Serignan.

Village du Bois, Octon, 34800 Clermont-l'Hérault.

Camping Saint Pierre, 34150 Gignac.

Centre Naturiste de Vacances, Le Fiscalou, Puycelsi 81140, Castelnau de Montmiral.

Centre Heli-Marin, 'La Grande Cossé', Cabanes de Fleury, 11560 Fleury d'Aude.

Village Ulysse, Port Leucate, 11370. Village Aphrodite, Port Leucate 11370. Le Clapotis, 11480 La Palme.

Club du Soleil de Perpignan, Dominique Martinez, 'Le Ventous', 66150 Arles-sur-Tech.

Village Naturiste de Serralongue, 66230 Prats-de-Mollo.

IN CORSICA:
Au Moulin et la Cascade Corse, B.P. 36, 2020 Porto-Vecchio.

La Bagheera, Anga Filippi, La Bagheera, La Guittiniana, 20230 San Nicolao Pietra-Di-Verde.
Le Moulin, 20210 Port-Vecchio.

GERMANY

National Organisation: Deutscher Verband für Freikörperkultur e.V. (DFK), Konigstrasse 22, D-3000 Hannover 1.

We have listed only the larger sites - with room for 100 or more tents/caravans. For further details please write to the DFK, as above.

CLUBS

Familienferienplatz Amrum, 2278 Wittmund/Amrum.

Strand Camping Wallnau, 2000 Hamberg 63, Overn Barg 19.

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 23 Kiel 1, Postfach 3112.

Eurocamping Zedano, Reinhold Reshoff, 2435 Dahme Nord.

Bund für naturnahe Lebensgestaltung Bremen e.V. (DFK), 2800 Bremen 1, Postfach 106845.

Naturistenbund Wilhelmshaven-Friesland e.V. (DFK), D-2940 Wilhelmshaven 1, Postfach 907.

Sun, Lüneburger Heide e.V. (DFK), D-2120 Lüneburg, Postfach 2641.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. Hanover (DFK), D-3000 Hannover, Yorkstrasse 7.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 33 Braunschweig, Postfach 1812.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Hildesheim e.V. (DFK), D-3200 Hildesheim, Postfach 492.

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), D-4800 Bielefeld 1, Postfach 5501.

Naturistenbund Rheydt e.V. (DFK), Zedernstrasse 19, D-4050 Mönchengladbach.

Orplid. Bund für Freikörperkultur und FamilienSport e.V. Darmstadt (DFK), D-6100 Darmstadt-Arheilgen, Weiterstädter Strasse 150, Postfach 110861.

Naturistenbund Trier e.V. (DFK), Christophstrasse 7, D-5500 Trier.

Lichtbund Saar Saarbrücken (DFK), Postfach 973, D-66000 Saarbrücken.

FKK-FamilienSportbund Heilbronn e.V. (DFK), 71 Heilbronn Böckingen, Postfach 51.

Lichtbund Karlsruhe e.V. (DFK), D-7500 Karlsruhe 1, Postfach 4103.

NaturSportsbund Schwäbischer Wald e.V. (DFK), D-7157 Murrhardt-Kirchenkirberg-Feriengelände Schönrain.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Stuttgart e.V. (DFK), D-7000 Stuttgart 1, Postfach 66.

Bf Sonnland e.V. (DFK), 78 Freiburg, Dreikönigstrasse 1.

Drei-Länder-Eck, Postfach 105, D-7808 Waldkirch.

verein der SaunaFreunde e.V. (DFK), D-1000 Berlin 19, Rognitzstrasse 8.

GREECE

National Organisation: Angelos Mimikopoulos, P.O. Box 26148, 100 22 Athens, Greece.

HOLLAND

National Organisation: Nederlandse Federatie van Natuurstverenigingen (NFN), Postbus 783, 3500 At Utrecht. Visiting address: 20 Janskerkhof, Utrecht. Tel. (030) 328810.

There is a special division of NFN where one can obtain information, brochures and entrance conditions of the affiliated naturist clubs: Commissie Voorlichting

NFN, P.O. Box 103, 2700 AC Zoetermeer, Holland.

There are no obstacles in Holland for singles (male and female) for visiting the club grounds or for becoming a member of the NFN-affiliated naturist clubs.

IRELAND

There is a naturist group in Belfast, Northern Ireland, and another in Dublin, Irish Republic.

For details write to Irish Naturist Association, P.O. Box 1077, Churchtown, Dublin 14.

Club Aquarius, 78 Francis Street, Dublin 8.

Northern Outdoor Association, P.O. Box 10, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 1UX.

ITALY

Two National Associations in Italy. They are:

Associazione Naturista Italiana (ANITA), Via N. Bixio, 32, I-20129 Milano.

Unione Naturisti Italiani (UNI), Castella Postale 185, I-10100 Torino.

FeNaIt, c/o Carlo Verdobbio, Via Alocco a/3, 40037 Sasso Marconi, Italy.

IVORY COAST

National Organisation: FIN, BP 1653, Abidjan, Ivory Coast, Africa.

LUXEMBOURG

National Organisation: LNL, BP 1626, 1016 Luxembourg 1.

NEW ZEALAND

New Zealand Naturist Federation, P.O. Box 957, Auckland, New Zealand.

NORWAY

National Organisation: Norsk Naturistforbund (NNF), Postboks 189 - Sentrum, Oslo 1.

PORTUGAL

National Organisation: Federacao Portuguesa de Naturismo, Apartado 3232, 1306.

SOUTH AFRICA

National Organisation: SANFED, c/o Beau Valley CC, P.O. Box 326, Warburton 0480, South Africa.

SPAIN

National Organisation: Federacion Espanola de Naturismo, Castel del Rey 99, Apartado 301, Almeria.

Club Catala de Naturisme, c/ Diputacio 239, 20 pis, Barcelona 7.

SWEDEN

National Organisation: Sveriges Naturist Förbund (SNF), Box 4279, S-20314, Malmö.

SWITZERLAND

UNS, Secretary: Adolf Rebsamen, Honeggweg 6, P.O. Box 85, CH 3183 Utendorf.

USA

Two National Organisations:
American Sunbathing Association, Inc., 1703-E North Main Street, Kissimmee, FL 32743, USA.
National Nudist Council, POB 953, Hightstown, NJ 08520, USA.

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... or slope off for a bit of privacy.

THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF

ONCE when I was invited to a party and the other guests learned that I was interested in dreams, a male guest took me up on this. (Usually it is women!) He claimed that dreams were so obviously nonsense, he couldn't believe that *anyone* could take them seriously! He then proceeded to give the assembled gathering the gist of a dream to illustrate his point – though, really, it was an extraordinarily coherent dream that he unfolded.

He said that in the dream he was flying round and round over a circular playing field. No game was in progress, however; it was all empty. And (and this is what got him) the stands were so far away, no one could have seen properly anyway. I suggested perhaps his dreams wanted him 'to take the long

view' on some issue. He gave me a pitying look, and went on to say that, in any case, the stands were all smashed up – they had been vandalised. And because he'd no interest whatsoever in the waking state, either in flying or in sport, he could see no purpose in the dream and defied me to find any!

To people who do not realise that dreams use *symbols* to convey their meaning (more about this later), I suppose dreams must seem like nonsense. But to me, this particular dream struck me as being so clear in its meaning, that I was surprised he hadn't tumbled to it himself! To him, however, I said 'I would think about it' and let him know if anything came to mind. Actually, I wanted to get him on his own, as I guessed he'd be in for a surprise. And it

was a good job I was this circumspect, as you will see...

Later in the evening I spotted him getting a drink and went over. 'Are you having an affair?' I asked innocently. 'How the hell did you know that?' he asked angrily. 'Your dreams suggested that you were "playing around", and that is the usual interpretation,' I replied mildly.

Then I went on to explain some of his dream's symbolism, as I saw it. He was certainly 'riding high' at the moment; 'feeling on top of the world'; 'flying' even, because of this affair. But dreams saw the whole thing as just 'empty play' and did, indeed, want him to 'take the long view' – get the situation in perspective, as he could well be in danger of 'vandalising' his stand(ing) in the family!



Looks like a dream came true for these winners.

If you've ever woken up and realised that during the night you were making love to your next door neighbour (whom you've fancied for a long time), or your boss was trying to kill you, you'll have been in no doubt as to the message of your dream. But often the dreams work in mysterious ways, and their meanings will only be clear by understanding a bit about the language of dreams. Elizabeth-

Mary Stewart explains . . .



You'd need a good analyst to sort out this jumbled nightmare.

community/work, or whatever was appropriate to him. He left me in a rather sober mood. And I learned later that the woman he was with at the party that evening was his wife. Had I spilled the beans earlier in front of her, his 'standing' could have been 'smashed up' there and then!

This was in the days before casual affairs were so casually accepted. But even so, dreams would not have taken issue on purely moral grounds. The subconscious (where dreams arise) is not concerned solely with conventions – and in any case, these can change from one decade to the next. No. Dreams would only have been concerned with the life of the dreamer and what was right for him at the time.

As we have seen, dreams considered this particular affair 'empty play' (a bit of sport, perhaps?) which showed no real emotions were involved on his part. My guess is he was using this partner (regardless of any emotional attachment on her part) purely as an 'ego trip' to boost his morale; probably in an attempt to defer facing up to middle age. He was 'playing the field' instead of accepting reality. And that is not wise for anyone at any time, but particularly so when the happiness of others is at stake. The affair could have had devastating repercussions in the long term, for his own happiness as well. So dreams sent this timely warning.

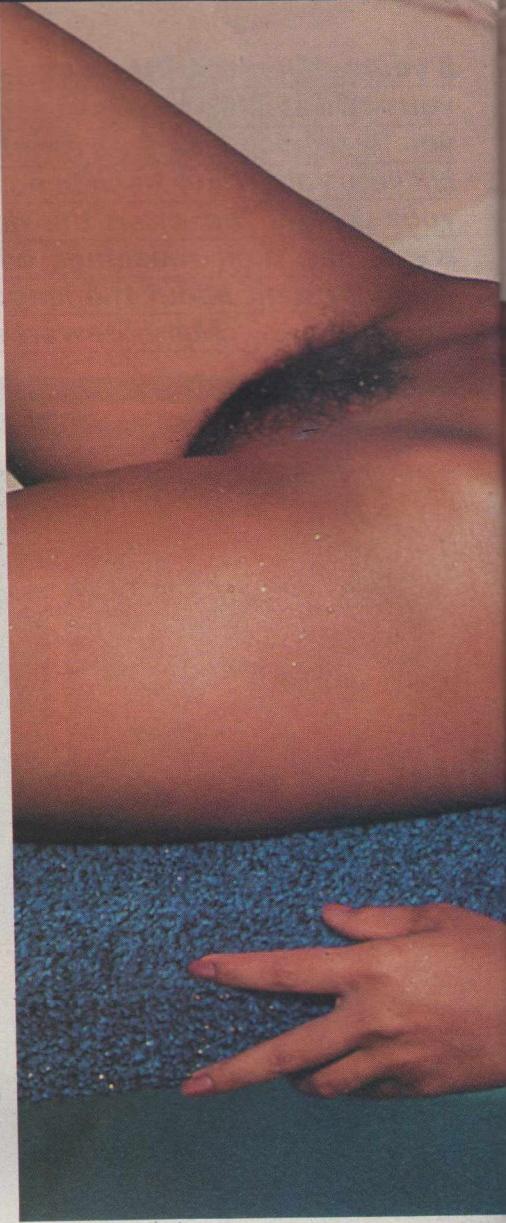
Had the dreamer's situation been different, and he had round real love and tenderness for the first time since being trapped in a sterile marriage, or some similar scenario, then no doubt dreams would have taken a very different stance. I am sure they would have given their blessing and encouraged the

liaison to become permanent.

This does not mean that the dreamer is the *only* consideration in the subconscious. Each situation is taken on merit, and we are all – deep down – quite able to see things in the round, and make decisions that are best for everyone. For example, when I was particularly wrapped up in spiritual matters at one stage of my life, dreams would send me reminders that things of the flesh also matter, by rechristening my husband 'Robin' – just to let me know he had '*red hot passion* burning in his breast', which was up to me to relieve! (Dreams have a sly sense of humour, and don't hesitate to poke fun at us, when it is for our good. But that is much better than being lectured!)

**"Are you having an affair?"
"How the hell did you know
that?" "Your dreams suggested
you were playing around."**

Not all dreams are as easy to understand as my illustration above, alas. And this brings me back to the 'language of symbols' which is how dreams convey their helpful messages. And that they are helpful, there can be no doubt. Dreams themselves seem to be able to 'work through' some of the fear and uncertainties we experience in waking life. This was proved recently in a project with pregnant women. Those who had the most dreams expressing fears about the birth, actually had the easiest time. Their fears had been brought to the surface and out of their systems. And when the time came, they could give themselves up to it quite fearlessly, and



She's probably dreaming of being caught in a spider's web...



...whilst if she's not careful, she'll have a very wet dream.

so were more relaxed. The others had to live their fears at the time.

So to gain the knowledge, wisdom and insight our dreams offer every night of our lives (with the rarest exceptions), firstly, we have to remember them – and they tend 'to vanish like mists in morning sunshine' – and secondly, we have to learn our own dreaming language.

The first is fairly easy. Just the intention of trying to remember them is often enough to trigger consciousness to hold onto dreams as the mind surfaces from sleep. The second part, however, may not be so easy.

And this is not something that can be taught like a foreign language. No one can guarantee that your symbols are the same as anyone else's. The symbols come from your subconscious containing your memories, your experiences, your preferences, your emotions, and so on. And while they may be similar, they could equally be *totally different*!

I am always being told, for example, that horses mean 'sex' in dreams. So they may for some dreamers. They certainly do not for me. Horses frighten me (as I was attacked by a mare once); sex doesn't. So no way could one stand-in for the other, and it would make nonsense to try and interpret my dreams in this light. Horses, for me, are 'nags'

... worries. And if ever I am feeling especially 'trapped' by some worrying situation, then dreams give me my horses harnessed to a trap! (Dreams will ultimately show me a way out of my entrapped situation, too, if I give them a chance.)

Dreams are always helpful, as I've stressed before. No matter how damaging the dream appears, its intentions are *constructive* – for your guidance – not destructive. (No way do they put the dreamer down, unless he or she is getting 'too big for their boots' in some particular situation!)

'My husband was re-christened "Robin" in my dreams – just to let me know he had red hot passion burning in his breast.'

Back to horse symbols for a moment ... other people I know use them to represent 'freedom', and for one person at least – if they are *black* horses – it is a symbol of death, left over from the days when hearses were drawn by black or black-draped horses.

So an outsider may offer *suggestions* as to what a particular dream might have meant *had they dreamed it themselves*.

It may prove right for the dreamer, too – or give hints in the right direction; or it may be totally wide of the mark. There are no rules to go by. Only if an interpretation *feels* right; if it 'rings a bell', gives some useful insight, etc., etc., is it likely to be near the meaning your dreaming self intended.

If this sounds unnecessarily complicated – or even obstructive (and in the past some dream therapists were of the opinion dreamers deliberately hid their meanings; but this has been truly superceded) there are two things to bear in mind.

Firstly, by looking at animals (even those way down on our evolutionary ladder, like the opossum, which dreams half his daily sleep time of twenty hours) we can be pretty sure man has been dreaming long before he became Homo Sapien. This means, of course, he was dreaming millions of years before language had evolved. Whatever dreams our ancestors had, they could *only* have been expressed in feelings and/or pictures of what they saw.

A baby dreams in the womb, believe it or not! It would have no other way to dream, than of 'feelings'. Maybe if we are still around to evolve through another few million years our dreams will tap out clear, precise messages like

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In conjunction with Yugotours Ltd., we are arranging two holidays in Yugoslavia this year. They are an ideal opportunity for readers to get together and enjoy naturist sunshine with like-minded people. In June we're visiting Monsena, a popular naturist seaside resort close to Rovinj. In September, it's Marina Lucica Naturist Centre, close to Primosten. Come with us and enjoy sun, sea, delightful scenery, and exciting evenings with a mixed group of H & E readers and naturists.

The dates and basic prices (including airport tax and half board) are as follows:

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a computer. (And some people already dream like this on occasions. And invariably, when they follow 'instructions' given by dreams it leads to an improved situation or greater happiness.)

Secondly, dreaming symbolically uses dreaming time and energy so economically. To give an example: one short dream of mine once contained only *one* symbol, yet it contained a wealth of meaning to me. It was a bright blue hearse and coffin standing in front of the Red Horse. (This is a pub situated at cross roads in my village.) It was confirming that in a 'dangerously worrying' (red horse - 'nag') situation, I had chosen the right road (from the choice at cross roads) and my depression (very dark blue at the time!) had 'brightened' (to bright blue) and the whole episode was now 'dead' and could be 'buried'! At the time, that *one dream symbol* was the most beautiful and heart-warming I'd ever received.

Dreams adore puns! So be prepared for lots of laughs from your dreams.

Here's another of my 'Robin'-type dreams. This was of a long, rakish, flame-coloured sports car belonging to someone called Dick! I will leave readers to work that out. (Cars often represent 'our drive in life' - not least, our sexual drive.)

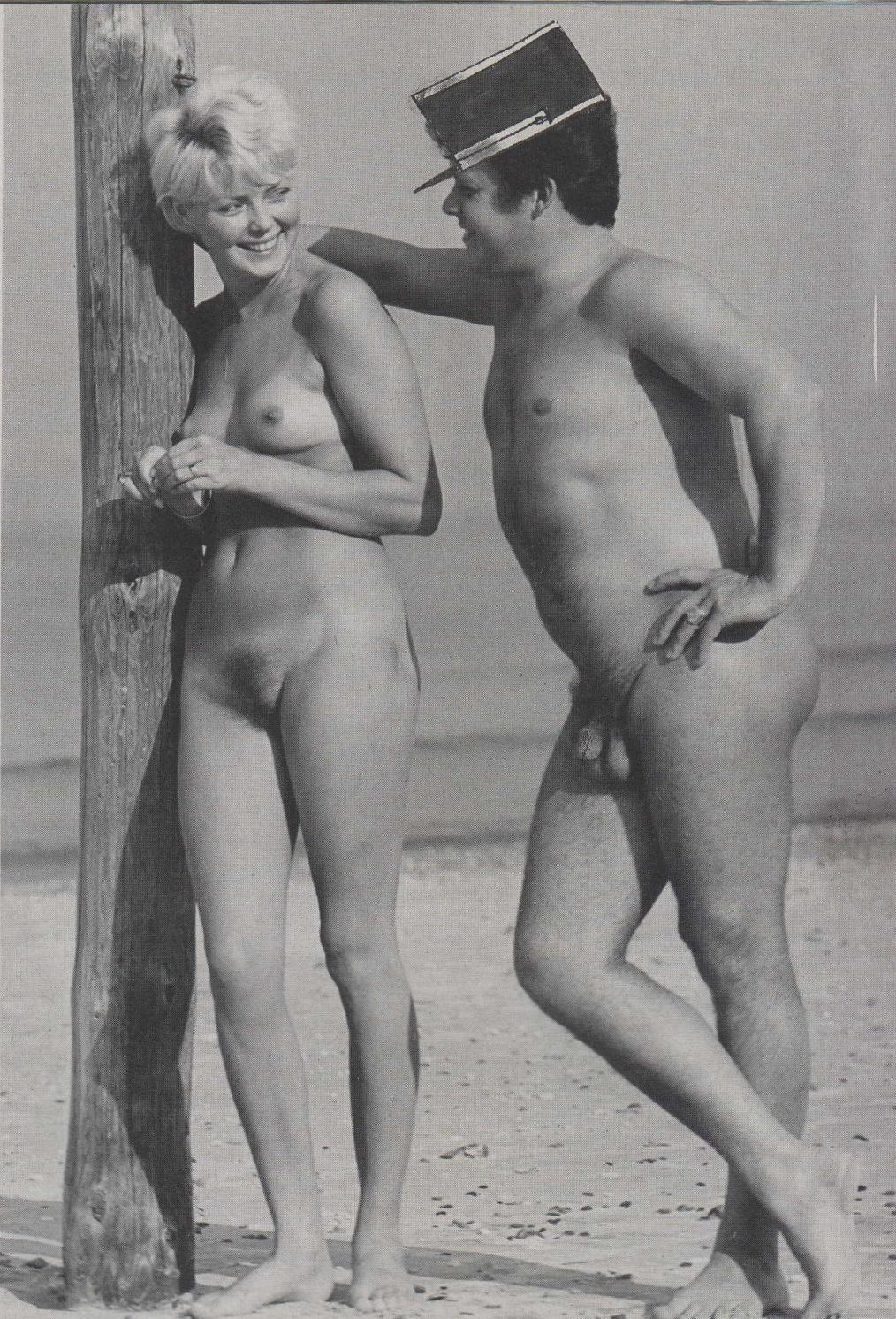
'Being half-dressed in public – a very familiar dream for many – is likely to underline some "unpreparedness".'

Dreams can be delightfully earthy. They don't hesitate to call a spade a spade! And the pruder one is in the flesh – if this is keeping another side of one's nature too firmly shuttered, the more ribald dreams are likely to become. If your dreams shock you, it is time to take stock of what you're trying to ignore. Burying an aspect of one's personality is the least favourable way of dealing with it – or keeping it in control. It could burst out and cause damage. To recognise one's *weaknesses* (as well as one's strengths) is the only way of coping with them and truly 'getting oneself together'.

Although there are many kinds of dreams (telepathic, precognitive, warning dreams, specific advice dreams – that can be programmed by asking for them – as well as lucid dreams. This is an interesting phenomenon, when the dreamer becomes aware that he is dreaming actually in the dream, and can then plot the rest of it to suit his wishes) most dreams basically, just mirror our feelings – our *true* feelings, that is – not what others or society might subscribe to, but as one writer put it, 'Dreams show what lies behind the picture you see when awake.'

And this is important. It is when people start trying to live up to other people's ideals, that troubles start. We are '*our own person*'. We are not here to live as another.

Falling dreams – which so many



'Do excuse me, but you hardly look an arresting figure.'

people suffer – often shows that the dreamer is setting his sights too high and has 'to let himself down' all the time. These aspirations too often come from a society obsessed with 'getting on' or 'going up in the world'. Competitiveness is not necessarily the best attribute for a happy life, as many nightmares prove. A more modest expectancy from one's abilities could bring easier dreams, far greater peace of mind, and a healthier body (no stress) to boot!

I have never discussed nudity-in-dreams with a naturist, and would be interested to know whether they use it more and/or in other ways, than the majority. For most people nudity depends on the *feeling* in the dream to make its point. For example, a well-satisfied feeling might come from 'making a clean breast of it', having 'all revealed' in some context, and so on. Fearfulness as an accompaniment to a dream of nudity, might signify vulner-

ability, feeling 'naked' and 'very exposed' in some situation.

Being half-dressed in public – a very familiar dream theme for many – is likely to underline some 'unpreparedness' – not having 'got oneself together'. Not-being-fully-clothed dreams before an important event – car test, marriage, etc. – could indicate a fear of not being properly prepared or ready for such a big step. This may be justified or not. If dreams are really bad on this theme, then undoubtedly it would be wise to take stock of your feelings, and have more practice, discussions with your partner, etc., as appropriate.

Dreams may bring to light and underline our feelings and our fears, but wise counsellors that they are, they always have a useful comment to make. But who in high places would dare listen to their dreams? This, alas, is a loss to us all.

SPRINGING INTO ACTION

After winter's hibernation, spring, with all its daylight and frisky delights, can give you quite a shock – especially when you look at yourself. Flab-hiding clothes, those comforting stews, those cosy evenings in front of the TV – the sight can be depressing. But if you don't want to go on holiday looking like a pudding – there's still time to give your life a good spring clean! By Vera Smart.



You can take great leaps forward when you're free of the usual burdens.

MAYBE New Year's Day is seen as the time for a New Beginning for making new resolutions, but nature wakes us up at springtime. April is the opening month, when buds appear, when the 'womb of nature' unfolds. So if you feel affinity to nature it makes sense to make important life changes at this time.

Skilltime

Remember your last summer holiday? Wasn't there something you longed to do, and swore to yourself that you'd do it next year? Grasp the local language? Finally learn how to swim? Or take advantage of the fabulous windsurfing facilities? And you still haven't done anything about it?

Well, don't bury your head in the nearest sandpit. It isn't too late. Find out about swimming lessons at the local pool. You may not learn to be a Spitz-like swimmer but at least you won't be relegated to the kiddies play pool.

Or a weekend crash course in windsurfing? Learn the basics and perfect them on holiday. Dancing lessons. A sailing course. Language lessons. Water skiing. All these can be started now and enjoyed later.

People are more impressed by a 'trier' than a 'shier'. The man who will always 'have a go' is more likely to be a social success than the hideaway.

Figure it out

Oh no, four weeks until you fly off for a sunny fortnight and dawn strikes. That reflection of yours is looking unhappy and your stomach is fighting with your face for attention.

Whatever you do, don't panic – or give up. Even if your gut reaches the swimming pool two minutes before you do, you might not lose it all in a month but you can make a dramatic improvement.

Now is the time to spring-



She certainly doesn't look as if she's
been hibernating all winter.



There's nothing like naturism to give you a broader outlook on life.



clean that body. Try a fast. Eat nothing but freshly squeezed fruit juices or vegetable extracts for a day or two and see your stomach shrink overnight. Say goodbye to those toxins that'll get washed away.

Or just stick to salads and good soup for a weekend. You'll feel better for it. Don't, however, do anything drastic until you've had a clean bill of health from your doctor. And don't plan a day-long hike or a game of squash if you're fasting. Let your stomach recover from starvation shock in peace.

With a few exceptions, people are overweight because they've eaten too much. Not just last night, or last week, but for the last few years, most likely. You can't expect to lose it all in a fortnight.

Rather than go on a crash diet, or saying that you'll never look a sugar cube, sausage or pint of bitter in the eye again, try to analyse how you can change your eating patterns for good and realistically.

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'My life changed when I took a firm stand for what I wanted.'

If you enjoy your pint, you won't want to give it up for ever. But if it's eight pints a night seven nights a week that's making you look like a keg of Lowenbrau, cut it down to three nights and take up badminton.

If you know you've got a weakness for cream cakes and sweet tea, substitute artificial sweeteners and save sweet treats for Sundays. Incidentally, if saccharine tablets have left you feeling quite bitter, try some of the new sugar substitutes on the market; you may like them better.

Avoid fresh food, halve the amount of butter on your bread, cut out any overdoses of alcohol or sugar and the average person will lose weight. In a month you'll feel and look better, but these are habits to adopt for life, and the good results will stay on show all year round.

On your toes

There's been so much said about exercise recently that it's become positively boring. Nothing but pictures of fresh-faced women wearing cheesecake smiles and designer leotards – and rugged men straining under the weight of 50 kilo barbells. It's enough to put anyone off – but there's a catch. Exercise is good for you. It will make you look better, probably lose weight, feel better. It could change your life. That's all.

Uptight?

Try yoga, or for the best fun, take a massage course. Not only will you acquire a caring, sharing skill, but you'll enjoy all the other students practising on you.

What's the problem?

Nothing is as insurmountable as it seems. Make a list of your problems – on paper. Write down possible solutions. Tackle the most difficult first and do one thing towards solving it. Don't try to solve it completely, just ease it. You'll achieve a great sense of relief and maybe you can work out what the next stage is.

Never taken off before?

If you've never taken a naturist holiday, and you're not yet booked up for this year – now's the time. The really nervous should book up at an ordinary hotel that's near a naturist beach. No-one will force you to go there, but you will see just how easy and enjoyable it is. Nothing to worry about in the first place.

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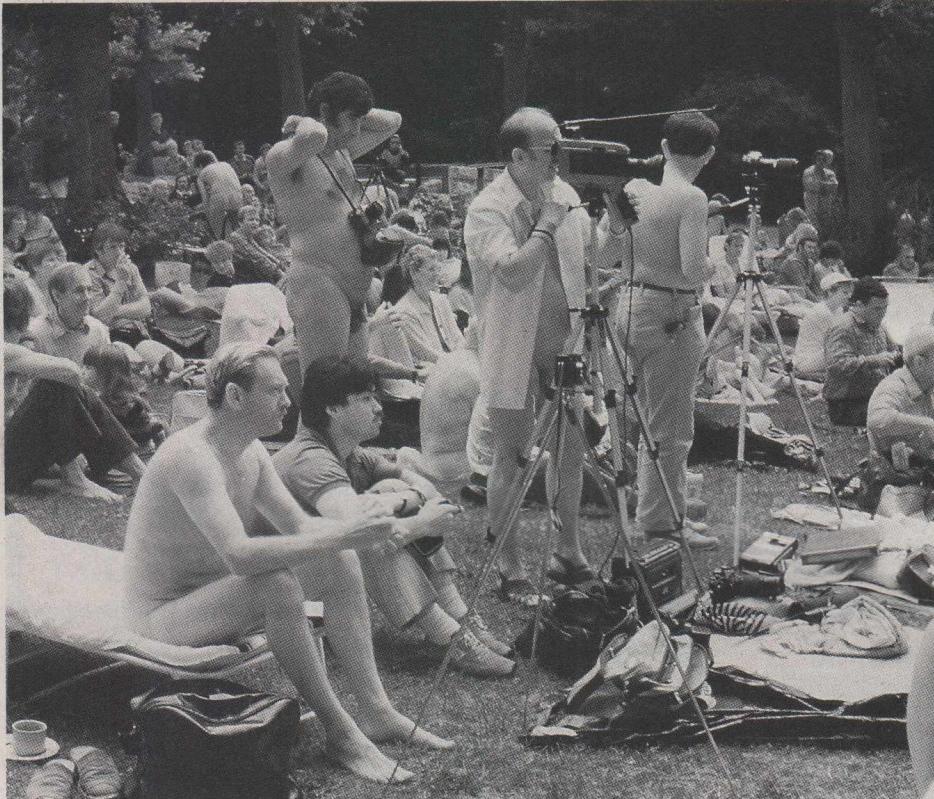
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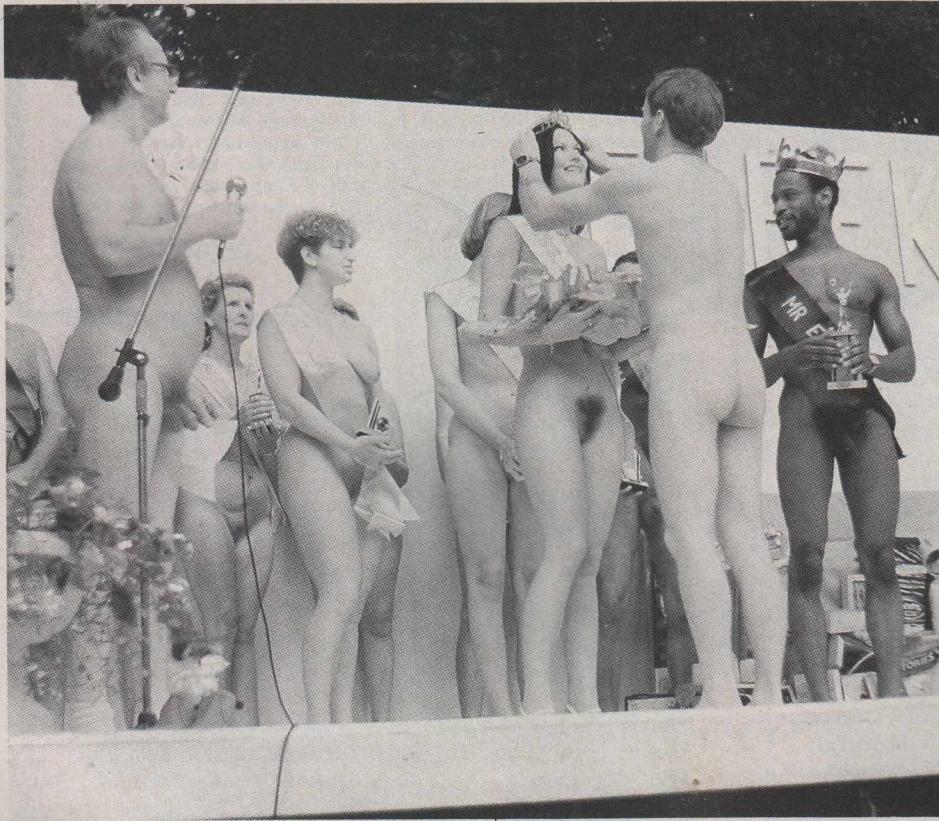
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MORE FUN ON SUNDAY...



The audience waits expectantly for Eureka's fun spectacle.



The winners in their crowning glory.

I HAVE a great deal of sympathy with the ideals of the feminist movement. But my thinking is at variance with theirs in one important respect.

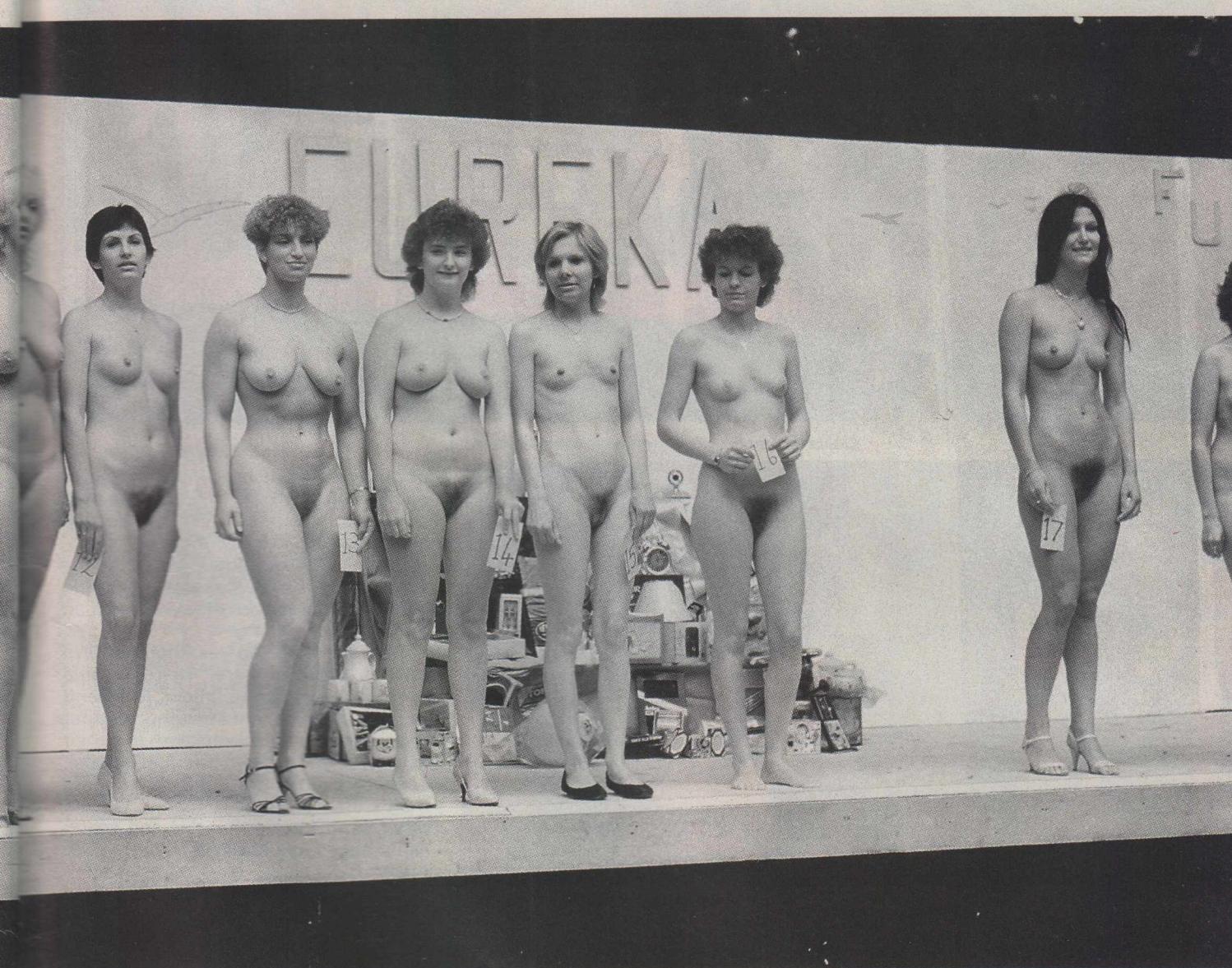
I like beauty contests.

You might say – so do most men! But if Eureka's 'Sunday Funday' is anything to go by – so do most women. Perhaps because Eureka's day is different. It's not only women. Children and men join the fun.

And fun it is! This annual Eureka event always attracts a huge crowd. This year it attracted not only members but a number of gate crashers.

The amplified music – an innovation – attracted the attention of some couples out for a walk in the vicinity, and of

Write it in your diary: the first Sunday in August. Every year. It's always Eureka's Sunday of fun. A spectacle unrivalled in all the country. Murray Wren was there, camera in one hand, pencil in the other. Next year, you could be there too. It's the one time you can go and visit a naturist club without charge or questions.



The ladies line up whilst the judges are hiding in the crowd making their choices.

course they investigated. As most will know by now, Eureka has no gates; so in they walked. Most left hurriedly, smiling aside their embarrassment. But some stayed — perhaps to become members?

In a glorious summer, where day after day has seen the sun high in the sky, it had to be this day when a cold wind blew in from the north and clouds quickly followed. This meant that most of the crowd wore clothes. Most of the participants also — as soon as they left the stage. Nevertheless there was no shortage of volunteers when it came to the events.

Children, under sixteens, over sixteens, under forties, over forties, men and women all appeared eager to join

the fun.

So what can be wrong with beauty contests? I think ardent campaigners for women's rights feel it demeans women. They are put on display like so much merchandise. Or paraded for the lecherous delight of lusty males.

This aspect is high on the list of 'no-no's' for some right wingers of the naturist movement. They abhor beauty contests. These old fogies are tarred with the brush of yesterday. They live with the secret guilt that something is 'not quite right' about the admiration of naked beauty. Perhaps it worries them because they fear an outbreak of berserk lust on the green, green grass of their home clubs. If so, they are as out of

touch with today's mores as the Do-Do, whom they greatly resemble.

They need not worry. Strangely enough, *nudity is purity*. It is only clothing that conceals to arouse curiosity, that is likely to engender the thoughts so alien to the old fogies.

In truth, until the day arrives when textile beauties parade in the nude, until that day — we will never know who deserves to win. In a sense all the textile contests are a farce and a celebration of hypocrisy. For only nudity can reveal true beauty.

As for the argument that women are paraded as so much merchandise, Eureka has the answer to that one too. For men take as much a part in the days fun



Gents on parade – forming a wide colour spectrum.



Mr. Eureka sweeps Miss Eureka off her feet.

as do women. I suspect, if the volume of applause is anything to go by, the men competitors were as much appreciated as the women. Perhaps more so.

But back to the contest. As usual the children came first. It seems a pity that someone has to win – they were all so appealing.

Then the men. Ah yes, the men! We have a problem here. There is little precedent for them to follow. They tend to look sheepish, not knowing whether they should be appreciated for their beauty or their macho 'he-man' appeal. Looking beautiful is not exactly every man's idea of what is manly. On the other hand flexing muscles and acting like a naked ape has had a pretty poor press.

So what do you do? The Eureka men appeared to have the right answer. They neither tried to look beautiful nor to flex their muscles – they just played themselves – and very successfully too.

Finally the women. Quite the most attractive prospect of the afternoon. In case you think I'm showing male chauvinist piggery, could I just whisper that I'm sure the women in the audience agreed with me. It is a strange characteristic of human nature that both men and women agree that the female is more attractive, more interesting and certainly more fascinating than men when it comes to a beauty parade.

Eventually it was all over and with the day turning colder most headed for home. A highly successful show which you can appreciate far more through these pictures than you can through these mere words.

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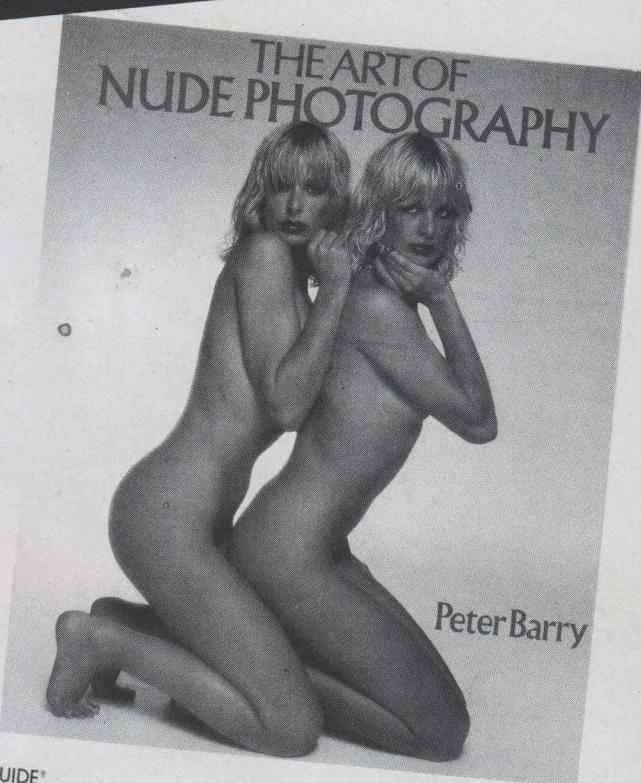
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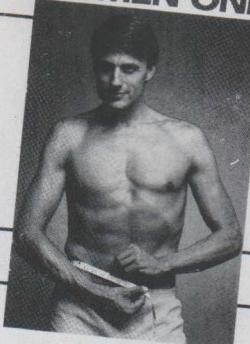
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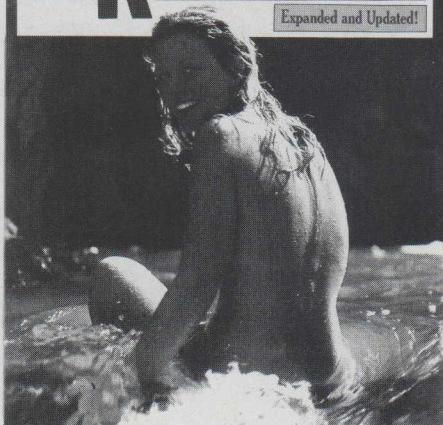
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